HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 558.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PAWNBROKERS OF NEW YORK.

"THERE are one hundred thousand people who live [and die] in tenement-houses in New York city," says the record of the Police Board. "There are ninety-seven thousand criminals arrested every year in the same city," says the same interesting document; "and crime, particularly of the higher"—by which is meant the more serious—"grades, is on the increase." "There are nearly ten thousand houses where liquors are retailed, and thirty-three thousand arrests are annually made for drunkenness and the disorderly conduct which results therefrom."

To add to its interest and make the table complete the Superintendent of Police ought to have stated too the number of "disorderly" houses where Virtue is sold, the gambling-dens where Honesty is sacrificed, and the pawn-shops where the Pauper is robbed of what little he possesses, and where the Thief is harbored and his goods secreted.

There are, we don't know how many, but certainly a very great number, of these latter-named houses in the city of New York; and the scene which we illustrate is of frequent occurrence in the most public of our streets as well as in the most secluded and unfrequented of our alleys and by-ways. The scene represented is more especially a Saturday evening scene, and it is Poverty, not crime, who waits under the "three golden balls" to see the end of the Jewish Sabbath signaled by the opening at sundown of the doors of the pawn-shop. Those who wait impatiently to be fleeced are working men and women, who find their weekly wages inadequate to meet their wants or to cancel their indebtedness at the baker's, the grocer's, or, too often, at the bar-keeper's; and who have come with some little article of little worth to have it undervalued by the blustering broker far below its real worth, and then be gruffly tendered a mere pittance in exchange for it. As a general thing it is honest poverty which is seen waiting at such doors before sundown, afraid neither of the broad glare of day nor the sharp scrutiny of the policeman. Later at night the dissipated haunt the shops to pawn their clothing for enough money to replenish the bottle which carries them over the dreaded Sabbath day, when the police enforce obedience to the Excise, if not the Divine, law, which requires that the Sabbath shall be kept quietly if not holily. Still later at night the pawnbrokers' guests are the criminals, who come to dispose of their stolen goods and cover up the trail of their guilt.

These pawn-shops are unmitigated evils—there is nothing of good about them. It has been argued that they frequently temporarily relieve poverty, but it is not true; the very laws of the State which authorizes them take care that they shall be of no practical benefit to any class of people. By those laws they are not permitted to charge over seven per cent. interest on sums over $25, but may charge usurious interest on all smaller amounts; consequently they never allow depositors over $25 on any article no matter how valuable it may be. The poor man is thus twice fleeced; he loses in the undervaluation of his property and in the overcharging of interest—and all done legally.

But the great evil of these institutions is that they are receptacles for stolen goods. A sneak-thief steals an over-coat from a house-entry; in half an hour it is in pawn; in twelve hours it is altered by changing the buttons, turning the collar, etc. into another coat; in twenty-four hours it is offered for sale at a miraculously low price in some slop-shop or clothing-store; in forty-eight hours it may be on the back of an honest man. Watches and other articles of jewelry are received in the same manner, ostensibly in pawn, but in reality bought outright for such ridiculously insignificant sums that the thief is hardly paid for his trouble and risk. But he can not refuse to take what the pawnbroker offers him; he knows that the broker is aware that the property is stolen, and can denounce him if he refuses to take what is offered and attempts to go elsewhere with his booty. Tickets are never given the thieves for watches

WAITING FOR THE PAWN-SHOP TO OPEN—A NEW YORK STREET SCENE.

and jewelry—"they might convict you, you know," the brokers tell them. Watches thus received in New York are offered for sale in Boston or Philadelphia, and *vice versa*; and other articles of jewelry go instantly into the crucible.

And the Lawgivers at Albany—though these facts have been often dinned into their ears—suffer the evil to remain authorized and protected.

SHERIDAN.

THERE's a wail through the land more of anger than pain,
From Florida's strand to the borders of Maine;
It rolls up from Oregon's prairies grand,
And its echo is heard in the far golden land.
And the burden it bears is, "Woe, woe to the knave
Who has aimed to dishonor our SHERIDAN brave."

For our nation remembers, with pleasure and pride,
That bold rider's deeds by Shenandoah's tide;
And ne'er will the soldier forget the proud day
When the famous black charger joined Winchester's fray;
When, with victory's ring in the tramp of his feet,
He forced Jubal Early, with shame, to retreat.

As true as the steel which he wears by his side!
He's the friend of the loyal, their glory and pride;
He stoops not to swerve from the just and the right;
As bold with his pen as he's valiant in fight.
No garbled dispatches can shelter the knave
Who seeks to dishonor our SHERIDAN brave.

A statesman in peace and a hero in war,
His course ever governed by loyalty's star;
He holds up our flag with a hand firm and true,
And forces all traitors to bend to it too:
No insult to it will he brook from the foe,
Whether renegade Wells or old rebel Monroe.

Then fling out the banner from loyalty's height
And blazon it over with justice and right;
Nor let him be struck in the dark to the ground,
Whom no open foe ever ventured to wound.
Their love and their faith let our people proclaim,
For Victory waits upon SHERIDAN's name.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE removal of General SHERIDAN has deeply moved the country. The peculiarly brilliant service of General SHERIDAN in the war; his equally faithful service as military Governor of Louisiana and Texas; his frank and fearless spirit in every position, and a certain generosity and gallantry of nature, have endeared him to the popular heart. The name of no hero of the war, not excepting that of GRANT himself, so inflames universal enthusiasm as that of SHERIDAN. Painting and poetry have combined to celebrate his ride up the Shenandoah—a ride which turned the tide of a most important battle, at a most critical moment of the war. Young, modest, ardent; a trained soldier, an irresistible leader, the idol of his men, the cherished friend of his Commander, SHERIDAN came from the war beloved by the whole people.

When he was appointed to the command of the district of which New Orleans is the headquarters it was not known what his executive power in that kind might be, and it was supposed that, like most soldiers, he had, in the common phrase, no politics. But like every man who went into the rebel section without politics he very soon acquired them. During the summer of 1866, when by the complicity of inaction the President of the United States sanctioned the effort of the rebels to massacre Union men, General SHERIDAN was the man who told the whole truth to the country, and ANDREW JOHNSON has never forgiven him. From that time General SHERIDAN has wholly approved the Radical policy, and the President has inflexibly resolved upon his removal.

But General GRANT was known to sympathize with General SHERIDAN, and their published correspondence shows how faithfully the General supported his subordinate. It is therefore plain that General GRANT was as disagreeable to the President as General SHERIDAN. The President knew that there was no man more steadily hostile to his policy, no man more suspicious of his purposes, no man more desirous that he should be closely watched and checked by Congress than General GRANT. Moreover, it was becoming very evident that this man, so hostile to the Presidential policy, and of so vast a popularity, was very likely to be the next President, upon the nomination of the party which elected Mr. JOHNSON, and which he had betrayed. The President thus found himself face to face with Congress, with the vast loyal political organization in every part of the country, and with the great soldiers of the war, excepting General SHERMAN. In this position he has also and naturally found himself practically paralyzed. He has been conscious of the disastrous failure of his administration, and that he was drifting amidst universal distrust into the great and final contempt of history. For he has no friends. The Democrats use him only to perplex their political foes. The late rebels, like FORSYTH of Mobile, and others, reproach him with indecision and timidity. The New York *Herald*, which to-day tries to prop the Presidential purpose to withstand the popular will, yesterday cried lustily for his impeachment for resisting it. Those who appear to support him are more to be feared by him than those who unswervingly and frankly denounce and resist him.

Under these circumstances the President has naturally sought to take some course by which with one blow he could reach many enemies. And he has found it in the suspension of Mr. STANTON, and the direction of General GRANT to assume *ad interim* the duties of the Secretary of War, and to transmit the order of removal to General SHERIDAN. This at once excites a tendency toward distrust of General GRANT upon the part of the Republican party; it tends to poison the personal relations of GRANT and SHERIDAN; it raises SHERIDAN as a candidate for the Presidency; and it kindles the hope of that ludicrous political Micawber, the Democratic party, that something may "turn up." The President's double object is to ruin GRANT politically and to defy the Republican party.

But we suppose that nobody in the country, Democrat or Republican, doubts that General GRANT is as hostile as ever to the policy of the President, and that he warmly opposed the removal of General SHERIDAN. The only question is why he went into the Cabinet, and why he is willing to appear to acquiesce in the policy of the President. But it is not necessary to look far for the reason. General GRANT may have considered himself ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, or he may have wished to prevent the entrance of some one into the Cabinet less hostile than he to the President's system. It is folly to say that every member of the Cabinet must be presumed to sympathize with the President. Was Mr. STANTON presumed to be in such sympathy?

It is, therefore, it seems to us, unfair in the *Tribune* to insinuate that General GRANT has any sympathy whatever with the President. It does not say so, indeed, openly; but such is the impression it produces. As we have before suggested, this is not the way to defeat General GRANT as a Presidential candidate. That must be done, if at all, by showing that the Republican party does not know what he thinks or where he stands. It is evident that in the present situation of the country, which no one probably understands better than General GRANT, no man can expect to receive the nomination of the dominant party who is not willing to say that he wholly and heartily agrees with its policy, and feels the necessity of its ascendency. General GRANT has not yet publicly expressed himself upon this point, although all his actions show his general sympathy with that party. It is, therefore, premature both to insist that he must be the candidate and that under no circumstances can he or ought he to be the candidate.

If General GRANT would like to have the nomination of both parties, or if he would prefer to be nominated without expressing himself more plainly, then we should say that he certainly could not be and should not be the Republican candidate; and we greatly misconceive General GRANT himself if he expects the Republican nomination upon such terms. He knows, of course, that the party which is as sure as any thing political can be to elect its candidate will not nominate in the dark or for luck. He also knows, probably, that under the circumstances he could not be nominated by the Democrats. Would he then be likely to succeed upon a "people's nomination?" We think certainly not, because we do not believe that he would as a third candidate seriously reduce the Republican vote. Meanwhile we repeat that the important consideration in the Presidential campaign is the continued dominance of the Republican party.

A PROBABILITY.

THE probabilities of the impeachment of the President are certainly greater than when Congress adjourned. If he should be impeached at the next session the probability is that he will forcibly resist. This is a contingency that should be calmly contemplated. If it be treated merely as a stroke upon the Radical tomtom the consequences will be much more disagreeable than if the probability be fairly considered. It will certainly be conceded that the worst view of the President has always proved to be the truest. No subserviency to his will in the hope of moderating or restraining him is of the slightest use. We presume that Mr. SEWARD, and perhaps Mr. WEED, have learned this truth. Indeed, those who could not easily relinquish their admiration of Mr. SEWARD were accustomed to say that he remained in the Cabinet in order to avert the sure evils that he saw rising in the future. Whether he has averted them those reluctant friends can answer. Whether a truly sagacious man would have made the attempt it is not difficult to say.

What form the resistance of the President may take it is not easy to foresee. The probability is, that he would deny the authority of Congress as "a body hanging upon the verge of the Government," and refuse to recognize its summons or to submit to its judgment. He would wish to make a plain and simple issue. He would declare that he could not yield to an illegal process except upon compulsion, and that it would be his duty to use the whole force of the United States to save the Government threatened in his person. It would, therefore, be necessary for Congress before impeaching to provide by law for the suspension of the President during his trial. If the law were vetoed and passed by the necessary majority the President could have no reason to deny the validity of the law passed by an authority which he has constantly practically recognized.

Nothing can be done toward a real reconstruction during the Presidency of Mr. JOHNSON. He incessantly demoralizes every effort at the South, and it is he who makes New Orleans massacres possible, and he who really inspires the speeches of PERRY, HILL, and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON. The tenacious rebel element clings to him as its hope. It believes that something may yet happen. It sees JOHNSON resisting Congress, and removing STANTON and SHERIDAN, and it reads in the New York *World* that there is a great reaction, and in the Albany *Argus* that the Democrats will probably carry New York, and in the New York *Herald* that the people are rallying to the President against "nigger supremacy." Upon such puffs of east wind the rebel hope feeds, and is able to keep its section in a state of sullenness and agitation, and to defer actual submission to the will of Congress until it sees a President who means to execute that will.

Meanwhile the President has no comprehension of the principle which elected him; no sympathy with the popular purpose, and he perpetually prates about the Constitution as if Congress and the people did not know the Constitution and its spirit quite as well as he. Whatever he designs to do will be done under the name of the Constitution. When the rebel Senators withdrew, it will be remembered, they told us that the Constitution forbade us to resist. JAMES BUCHANAN, the President, told us that they spoke the truth, that there was no Constitutional authority for the coercion of States. It was by the alleged authority of the Constitution that the Constitution was to be overthrown. And we may be very sure that if the President attempts mischief it will be attempted, he will inform us, to save the Constitution.

Great exigencies are not averted by denying that they exist. ANDREW JOHNSON will go just as far as he dares, and his daring will be limited only by inflexible opposition. We presume nobody supposes that he would not use violence if he could. Let him therefore be watched, and let him understand that he is watched. Let him learn by the plainest expression that every act of defiance of what he knows to be the loyal popular will of the country, however it may be technically authorized, is an act which reconciles hundreds of thousands to his impeachment who had always thought it inexpedient. Let him know that much of the opposition to impeachment sprang from the feeling that he had not deliberately set himself to defeat the will of Congress, and that those who opposed it until that intention was clear would earnestly advocate it when that intention was beyond doubt. His puerile plot to implicate Judge HOLT and other Radical men with a wretched conspiracy has ridiculously failed. He has done more than seemed possible for any man to do to increase sympathy with the extreme Radical tendency. He is a desperate man, and desperation dares any thing.

CHARLES DICKENS.

IT is understood that Mr. DICKENS will again come to the United States. He will be welcomed as the greatest living story-teller in the language ought to be welcomed. Of course the enthusiasm of his first reception will not be repeated. The extravagant and grotesque excesses into which a truly loyal and beautiful feeling was betrayed by its own ardor will be succeeded by the temperate and sober admiration of long experience. Both he and we have grown older and wiser; and if since the quarrel of that younger passion we have sometimes been unjust to each other, we shall now see and recognize mutual merit without exaggeration.

DICKENS is a household word. To all native readers of English he is as much known and probably more familiar than any living author ever was. SCOTT and BYRON were the literary idols of their day, but the theatre and the cheap serial and magazine have carried the fame of their younger brother into a wider realm. And this popularity does not diminish. For thirty years, for a generation, he has held his position virtually unchallenged. During that time the greatest of female novelists, CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and the greatest of all proper novelists in English literature, THACKERAY, have risen into fame and died, and still DICKENS is not an old man, and still his genius seems unworn.

He comes to this country to give the readings which are as delightful and famous in London as his books are in this country. He selects scenes from his own stories, and reads them with such subtle and surprising dramatic power that the whole story lives and palpitates as actual life in the apprehension of the entranced listener. We have never heard him, but we remember a remarkable paper descriptive of his reading published in *Harper's Magazine* a few years since which was most vivid and admirable.

We observe that several Lyceums announce that they will make efforts to secure him. But we should imagine such an arrangement would be impracticable. There is no city in which Mr. DICKENS is likely to read in which he would not attract an audience as large as the largest hall could accommodate. He and his agent would receive the whole proceeds, at a high rate of admission. Under such circumstances there seems to be no reason why he should arrange with a Lyceum. But whether he does or not, what a delight is in store for us! At the great games in Greece the historians read their histories and the poets sang. So comes the story-teller to give us Olympian evenings. But, after all, can the creator of Pickwick, of Dick Swiveller, of the father of the Marshalsea, make them live more plainly in our imaginations by his tongue than by his pen?

And rumor answers, Yes!

CARLYLE *vs.* THE HUMAN RACE.

MR. CARLYLE is the twelfth juror railing at all the others. He is the lunatic glaring through the bars and laughing at the world for being mad. His essay "Shooting Niagara: and after?" is merely an ebullition of impotent cynicism. The whole world, he says, is madly rushing to destruction; and for the English part of it the only hope is the British aristocracy, who must leave Parliament or reason, and save England by the drill-sergeant or brute force. As for us in America, we have ruined ourselves by an exquisitely silly sentimentality about freedom and emancipation of the "nigger," whereas the divine will is that the "nigger" shall be a slave; and men of about Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE's complexion are divinely appointed to drive them with whip and spur. Free labor is fol-de-rol. The best must govern. What kind of divine decision are you to get from a count of heads? Count of heads—when you can have such polite gentlemen to govern you as the English nobility, who have now nothing to do but to dispense hospitality with melancholy grace? Count of heads—when Providence and Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE have furnished such an example of a Heaven-appointed ruler as FREDERICK THE GREAT, and especially his father? Count of heads—when you see what has come to pass in these later days in England, in America!

Nothing more pitiful can be imagined than this ferocious and inhuman onslaught upon human liberty and civilization. Here is a man who hates and despises an unfortunate race whom his countrymen and their descendants have indescribably abused and degraded, stealing them from their country and trampling them under foot. He constantly and carefully calls them "niggers." He snorts at human reason as an efficient influence and power in civilization; and THOMAS CARLYLE ends by roaring out, as the only gospel of social salvation, the feeble drivel of Lord JOHN MANNERS, and the "Young England" of a quarter of a century ago:

> "Let trade and commerce, art and learning die,
> But spare, oh spare, our old nobility!"

It would be inconceivably comical if it were not unspeakably tragical. Let us cover the nakedness of our patriarch, and walk away with eyes hidden. His own imagination has not conceived, his own pen has not described a figure so mournful as his own. His cry is more than the "vanity, vanity" of the Preacher. It is not a lament; it is a shriek of scornful indignation. The world will not stop; April will bloom on to June; the seed will shoot and the blossom become fruit; the grain will turn from green to gold; the babe will grow into the boy, the boy into the man; "without haste, without rest," as his great GOETHE sang; the law of nature and of man fulfills itself, and THOMAS CARLYLE sits shaking his fist, and spitting out imprecations because mankind will not accept a brutal old German tyrant as the ideal man, and a slave plantation as the fairest type of human society.

ON 'CHANGE.

MR. J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER denies, in a note to the New York *Times*, that he was introduced at the New York Stock Exchange, but says nothing of BEAUREGARD, who, we may infer, was so presented. If no such persons were introduced we are very glad. But if they were, we are very sorry that the person who introduced them was not formally censured by a vote of the Board. The names of the ex-rebels mentioned will serve, however, to illustrate what we wish to say upon the subject.

It is a profound mistake to suppose, because the loyal sentiment of the country does not wish to pursue every late rebel with the extremest rigor of the law, that therefore it is disposed to forget the individual offenses which it leaves unpunished. BEAUREGARD was the military chief of the assault upon Fort Sumter. MAGRUDER was the commander at Big Bethel, where WINTHROP and GREBLE, almost the very earliest victims of the war, were killed. Does any body imagine that the men of New York, whose sons, and brothers, and friends shared the fate of the first slain, are anxious to rush to grasp the red hands of those whose sole distinction is their rebellion against the Government of their country? Are their services such

that they should be thrust conspicuously forward to receive the social homage of loyal men?

It is precisely this kind of servility upon which men like MAGRUDER and BEAUREGARD and their masters, the political leaders of the South, counted before the rebellion. They had seen the sycophancy of "society" at the North; the nervous timidity of trade; the eager submission of the Democratic party; the careful explanations of the Republican party, and they said: "There is no danger; these people are already conquered in their souls, and a louder crack of the whip and a fiercer frown will bring them cowering to their knees." They made a mistake, for they had not seen the country. But what they had seen justified their scornful contempt; and there are plenty of such men at the South now who doubtless feel that we should like to atone in some manner for having conquered them.

Do we wish to keep the old wounds open? Certainly not; and therefore we do not wish them torn open by such performances as introducing noted rebels in public places. We wish peace in every way and at the earliest moment. But we do not believe that an honorable public reception of JEFFERSON DAVIS in this city would have tended to peace. There are such things as patriotism and honor; there are such things as hallowed remembrance of heroic devotion and self-respect; there are such things as great public crimes causelessly and cruelly committed; there are such things as immortal memories of the good and young and brave lately dead, and these forbid the grasping of notorious rebel hands, and the horrible pretense that the war was but a difference, "an unpleasantness."

If men like MAGRUDER and BEAUREGARD and QUANTRELL and WIGFALL and JEFFERSON DAVIS must come among us, then, let it be quietly and humbly. If they must be our fellow-citizens there is no reason that they should be our intimate friends. Do honorable men introduce to the Board of Brokers thieves and swindlers? Yet was the rebellion less a crime than stealing a handkerchief or borrowing money on false pretenses? If it were merely a gay little tournament, let us kiss and embrace. If it were a criminal effort to destroy a government which had in no manner harmed a single man who conspired against it, let those leaders feel that we know it, and that we do not forget it any the more easily because of the taxes it has laid upon us and the friends it has taken from us. We say now as we said two years ago of General LEE. While he remains in retirement we will not mention him. Whenever his friends begin to drivel about "the Christian gentleman" we will not hesitate to express our opinion of his Christianity.

GENERAL THOMAS.

AMONG the great heroes of the war General THOMAS is the one who is least generally known. His modesty has been always as remarkable as his ability, and the newspaper gentlemen who make so much of contemporary fame have not devoted themselves to daily praises of him. His sphere of duty, also, has removed him from the immediate mention of the central journals. But his name is universally honored as that of a wise man, as well as a great soldier; and he is now likely to be brought into peculiar prominence before the country.

The appointment of General THOMAS to succeed SHERIDAN shows that the President was not brave enough to defy altogether the loyal feeling of the country. General THOMAS is understood to be in hearty sympathy with that feeling. He, too, has served long enough in the rebel section to learn that the Radical policy is the only wise one. The weak, vacillating course called conciliation is always the most destructive under such circumstances. It is precisely the situation in which Radicalism is seen to be the true conservatism. We mean, of course, by Radical a policy based upon the perception that where there has been a fierce and prolonged contest, and one principle has wholly triumphed, the peace that follows can be secured only by making the predominance of the victorious principle every where felt. The policy of what is called "magnanimity" is an attempt to avoid this; to say to the defeated party, "There, we are stronger, and we are right; but that being settled, just have things your own way."

This is the policy which the people of the country have, with instinctive good sense, repudiated. This is the policy of which Generals GRANT and SHERIDAN and THOMAS know the unspeakable folly. This is the policy which they all strenuously oppose. And this, of course, is the policy which the President tries to pursue. Those, therefore, who see in the removal of SHERIDAN a stroke of Presidential wrath, and another of the endless blunders of his official conduct, are warmest in their approval of the appointment of THOMAS to succeed him. His appointment, however, shows that the removal of SHERIDAN was an act of mere personal hatred. For, if he were removed because of the measures he adopted, why appoint a successor who would continue them? This was done not because the President feels any more kindly toward that policy, but because of his fear of too direct an outrage of public sentiment, and because of the protest of General GRANT.

While General THOMAS is military Commander of Louisiana we do not believe that ex-rebels of the Mayor MONROE school or their sympathizers will have any cause of rejoicing.

THE MODERN FRENCH BABYLON.

WHEN the *coup d'état* was crowned with success NAPOLEON exclaimed, "The Empire is Peace!" In his last public speech, at the conclusion of the Paris Exposition, in another fit of enthusiasm, he is reported to have declared that "The Exposition is Peace!" A shrewd writer in the *Quarterly Review* attempts to show in a very entertaining manner that in France it is Paris which keeps the peace. He says:

"BALSAC relates that when, in 1815, BLUCHER and SACKEN reached the heights overlooking Paris, SACKEN exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it stand,' said BLUCHER; 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark, if the gallant veteran ever uttered it, does credit to his sagacity. Paris is the head, the heart, the brain of the French people. She does more than govern and legislate; she thinks, feels, acts, and speaks for them. They are intuitively guided by her, as the human body is guided by the will. They are identified with her strength and her weakness, her glory and her shame. They reflect her grasping ambition, her spirit of self-glorification, like a mirror. They repeat her vain utterances, her half-truths, her wild sophisms, like a mocking-bird. The follies, the hallucinations, the social and political disorders, to which she seems periodically liable by the very law of her being, are diffused throughout the entire nation with the rapidity and virulence of poison in the blood. No matter how erratic or headlong her course, they are dragged along in it. It is as if a planetary system drew all its light, life, and movement from a comet. We see the centripetal force in full action, without the counterpoise of the centrifugal. Modern history supplies no parallel. To find a plausible one we must revert to Babylon, or to Rome under the Cæsars; and a capital standing in this relation to a nation of thirty-four millions is a perpetual source of alarm and perplexity, a standing menace, and a curse.

"'Why has Paris been rebuilt?' is often asked. To barricade the Government by supplying remunerative employment for the operatives, and to supply it in a way that should prevent its real character or probable results from being suspected or exposed. The revolution of February resolved to bestow charity on the laboring class; to spare their delicacy, to give alms the semblance of wages, it invented a species of work; it employed indiscriminately jewelers, goldsmiths, tailors, printers, saddlers, mechanics, in digging the Champ de Mars, in carrying the earth in wheel-barrows from north to south and then back again—an operation, the utility of which was so evident to them that, at the second barrowful they lighted their pipes and read the newspaper, all at the expense of the public. But now a hundred thousand workmen, *a hundred thousand electors*, receive their wages regularly every Saturday, and bless Providence from Sunday to Monday; and the best of it is that every body gains by the transaction. The workman gets a provision against want; the master a profit; the speculator a dividend; the population the beauty of the *coup d'œil;* the nurse a shady square to dandle her baby in; *the Government a guarantee for tranquillity;* for when the workman has work, he eats, and when he has eaten he thinks soundly; digestion is conservative; it is thought on spare diet that dreams of revolution."

MOMENTUM.

WHEN two locomotives, having equal speed on a rail-track, meet from opposite directions the shock actually destroys the momentum of both, and therefore makes a dead halt. The force of the shock produced by the two bodies, say the philosophers, will be equal to the force with which either, being at rest, would sustain if struck by the other moving with double the velocity. Action and reaction being equal, both bodies will be as much moved by reaction as by action.

Should two railroad trains, running toward each other at the rate of twenty miles an hour, collide, the shock would be precisely the same as though one had been at rest and had been struck by a train moving forty miles an hour. Were two steamboats run directly together, head on—one going twelve and the other fifteen miles an hour, the concussion or shock each would suffer, would be the same as though struck by the other at a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour. Without stopping to philosophize upon the cause, boxers and pugilists know by dear-bought experience that the worst blows they ever receive in their combats are when a fist strikes a fist, because the force suffered by both parties is equal to the sum of the forces exerted by either arm. The adroit fighters, therefore, avoid encounters of that kind if possible.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

SPECTATORS view with astonishment the balancing feats of a tight-rope performer. Yet walking, and above all, carrying a load upon the shoulders, is just as surprising when all the facts are analyzed. An infant creeps for months, giving a broad base of support for its body on its hands and knees. By-and-by it learns by actual practice to stand on the feet, by holding on to a chair at the same moment. Finally, after further practice, the hazard is run of supporting the weight of its precious body on a very small base—the two feet. As the *ne plus ultra* of success, at last one foot is raised and then the other, thus shifting alternately the centre of gravity, which is quite wonderful when one takes into consideration the immense number of muscles which have to be taught to contract harmoniously and in exact order to accomplish such a simple undertaking as walking on two feet. Quadrupeds may be taught to stand a moment or two on two legs, but it is impossible for them to shift the centre of gravity quickly enough to maintain that unnatural position but a few seconds.

Without knee-joints, ankle-joints, and a splendid ball and socket articulation at the pelvis, the centre of motion in the human body, walking, running, or even standing, could not be performed. A man on a wooden leg is immensely embarrassed in keeping the centre of gravity, unless he uses a cane to increase the base of support. Going up hill or down is an equally curious exhibition of constant shifting of the centre of gravity.

TURNING INTO A BUTTERFLY.

AFTER crawling about a while as a caterpillar, thinly covered over with coarse, stiff hairs, feeding on tender leaves, which are masticated by jaws, it feels an instinctive revolution approaching in its system, and makes careful preparations accordingly. Some quiet, sheltered, sunny place is selected, usually with a southerly aspect, where it spins a sort of silken basket, glued by its margins to the wall, the eaves, or under side of a limb, in which it hides itself. This is an extraordinary piece of workmanship when analyzed. How it is accomplished seems not to have been explained. The caterpillar then goes into a profound sleep, which lasts from late in autumn until the vernal sun revives vegetation. While thus in a profound slumber the miniature legs, wings, proboscis, and other characteristic apparatus is developed. During the process the incipient butterfly is fed by absorbing the blubber, or thick, fatty, outside covering of the caterpillar. By the time it is all exhausted but the bare, dry, exterior tissue the new butterfly is perfectly elaborated. Respiration is never interrupted while the metamorphosis is going on. It continues to breathe through minute spiracula or holes in its sides. Those in the sides of the caterpillar correspond precisely with those that have gradually opened in the sides of the butterfly. When perfectly grown, and each and all its members are complete, it straightens out its heretofore untried limbs, breaks open the dry hulk in which it is inclosed, and floats away on a voyage of pleasure among the flowers, to feed on the nectar they exhale. Such is the process likened by poets to death and the resurrection. There is neither in this extraordinary transformation. It is a mystery of nature, however.

LITERARY.

"The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law," is the title of a valuable and interesting work recently published by one of the most diligent students and faithful friends of "the Woman question, Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL. (LEE & SHEPARD.) From a very wide range of study and personal observation Mrs. DALL collects a treasury of facts, which she eloquently urges upon the most thoughtful attention of the reader. Indeed her book is singularly interesting, both from the material and the skill with which it is presented. It is a kind of *vade-mecum*, a manual, a hand-book of the subject which now attracts so general an attention. Indeed it is what Mrs. DALL in her preface claims that the world now wants—"a woman's judgment in matters that concern women." And whoever would know the scope of the "Woman question," and be made acquainted with its many aspects, its friends, its arguments, its progress, and its general history and literature, should ponder Mrs. DALL's attractive book.

SHERIDAN'S CHARGER.

OH! the nag I sing is as fine a steed
As ever served a knight in his need!
No matter where he was born or bred,
His pedigree dates from the battle red,
Where, checking our lads in their flying track,
He dashed the rebel squadrons back;
And Jubal Early's columns ran,
With Death behind—and Sheridan!

When broken, baffled, beaten men
In time of peace make head again,
He mounts to lead the forlorn hope
Of loyal men who dared to cope
With the angry beasts in the rebel pit.
Then, with loosened rein and uncurbed bit,
See stride, as in the battle's van,
The steed that bears Phil Sheridan!

He's down to-day, but not for aye!
He'll mount again, and his banner high
Advanced shall shine a meteor, and be
The guiding-star of loyalty!
In action prompt, not slow to ire,
But Wisdom tempering Valor's fire;
See, now he's taking the broader track,
With a nation following at his back!

And woe to him who would check the course
Of the noble chief on his faithful horse!
And woe to him who seeks to still
The mighty voice of the people's will!
They'll lay the lash on the recreant's back
When he dares to swerve from the honest track;
And there's a hoof-mark broad on the faithless man
Who garbled the text of Sheridan!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL GRANT, in protesting against the removal of General Sheridan, said to the President: "It is unmistakably the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command....General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress....There are military reasons, pecuniary reasons, and, above all, patriotic reasons why this order should not be insisted on." These reasons Mr. Johnson failed to perceive, and the order was issued. In giving the necessary instructions which accompanied the order General Thomas was directed by General Grant to execute all orders he might find in force in Sheridan's district, unless authorized by the General of the army to annul, alter, or modify them. Owing to the illness of General Thomas the order was subsequently suspended; and finally, on August 26, General Hancock was ordered to New Orleans to relieve Sheridan, and was explicitly authorized to change, alter, and modify any of the existing regulations of General Sheridan.

Several citizens of Plymouth, North Carolina, were lately sentenced to one month's imprisonment and fines of twenty dollars each, by one of General Sickles's post-courts, for beating a negro girl in a most inhuman manner because she had resisted and fought a white girl. One of the actors in the whipping was a magistrate, who made out a draft of articles of indenture, which the girl was made to sign, apprenticing herself to a woman in the neighborhood, who in turn gave permission to the committee to whip her, by this means, as they thought, filling all the requirements of the law.

General Daniel E. Sickles was removed from the command of the Second Military District on August 26, and General Edward R. S. Canby assigned to duty in his place.

Registration was completed in Alabama on August 26; the returns show 67,686 whites, 84,524 blacks; total, 152,210; black majority 16,838.

NEWS ITEMS.

The official returns of the Kentucky election show how completely the State is in the hands of the rebels. The Democratic majority was 56,301 over that of the Republican candidate.

The National Labor Congress, which was in session at Chicago, on August 21 adopted resolutions looking to the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States by a party to be composed of the laboring classes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT and his officers were received with grand ovations by the Russians at Cronstadt on August 23.

President Cabral of Hayti has sent a messenger to the United States offering to sell the port of Samana as a naval station to this country for five million of dollars.

The Cretan blockade-runner *Arkadi* was lately destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the Turks. A Russian war steamer on the Cretan coast, while taking a number of Cretan refugees on board, was attacked by a Turkish man-of-war, and only the interference of the Turkish Commander, Omar Pacha, prevented a serious collision.

The Russian Government has sent an order to this country for 100,000 Berdan rifles.

PUBLIC GARDEN AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

IN one of the extravaganzas of ARTEMUS WARD, or NASBY, or some other of that comic ilk, there is a humorous account of the enterprise of a Yankee who, finding this continent a too contracted Utica, had cut down the Rocky Mountains and dumped them, quartz, gold dust, and all, into the Pacific, and was, at the date of the story, living one hundred miles west of San Francisco on "made earth."

Our Boston neighbors, laboring under the like disadvantage of too little room, have been for the past decade giving us a similar instance of like enterprise, though not exactly on the same extensive scale. Westward the Boston star of empire takes its way; and in order to get a footing in that direction, Boston has been filling up a part of Charles River; and the Public Garden and Commonwealth Avenue, which we illustrate on pages 568 and 569, are built entirely upon "made earth;" a locality once given up to the tides, and known to the map-makers as Charles River, but locally recognized as "Back Bay," having been filled up for the purpose of a site. This labor has been progressing for many years; and at this time "Back Bay," which is about a mile in width, is now more than three-fourths filled."

The Bostonians cherish an old legion which gives the Indian name of *Mashauwomak* to the peninsula on which the city is built, and which word they translate as meaning "free land;" but the Indians doubtless meant by it "unclaimed land." But nothing goes "unclaimed" in these days, particularly land, whether on the prairies or in Boston; and "Back Bay" was no sooner filled up than it was claimed, and, what is more important, built upon, with what result our engravings will show at a glance.

The city claimed the most valuable portion for a park or "Public Garden." This is located just west of Boston Common, and is separated from it only by Charles Street. The Garden is not extensive; it and the Common combined would not make more than one-fifth of our Central Park; and the improvements and arrangements of the latter are far superior to those of the Boston parks. But New York has not, nor is she soon likely to have, an avenue like that which Boston is building across "Back Bay," and which has been called Commonwealth Avenue. This avenue, as planned, is to be about 175 feet in width, and about five miles long, with a decorated and inclosed walk or garden, 50 feet wide, running through its entire length. It commences at the Public Garden, and runs west to and through Brighton. It is already built in the style shown by our engraving for a distance of five blocks from the Garden; and promises to be by far the handsomest boulevard in America. New York should accept this good example, and, taking time by the forelock, see at once that the proposed boulevard north of Central Park shall be something in every way worthy of the Park and the metropolis.

CHEYENNE INDIANS ATTACKING A WORKING PARTY ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, AUGUST 4, 1867.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

OUR INDIAN SKETCHES.

THE work on the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific Railroad has been suspended; labor on

THEODORE R. DAVIS.

the route along the Platte is being continually interrupted; the Indians are up in arms, and ravaging on all parts of the frontier; the United States troops are lying idle in small squads in insecure forts; General CUSTER has marched and countermarched himself into arrest; General HANCOCK has been ordered to other duty; the Peace Commissioners are busy in blaming HANCOCK for inactivity; and General SHERMAN, in his usual original and elegant style, insists on declaring that the Commission is a "humbug." Every savage who is killed is found with at least twenty white scalps in his belt; and we are mournfully reminded while we gaze on his inanimate body that it cost one hundred thousand dollars to kill him! From every part of the frontier comes up the cry of distress; from every other part of the country are heard only the growls of dissatisfaction.

Our engravings this week will give the reader an idea of the circumstances under which the Union Pacific Railroad is being built. The "group of workmen" labor not merely with picks and spades; "Springfields" and "bowies" are a part of their working materials; and sentinels and guards are as necessary in constructing the road over the plains as are surveyors and engineers. The sketch of the attack of the Cheyennes on a party of these workmen on August 4 will illustrate how the tedious but secure drudgery of digging and delving is occasionally varied by the more exciting and also more dangerous work of repulsing the attacks of the savages.

From all the accounts which we have had from the plains, the only effective fighting which has been done by our forces has been accomplished by the negro troops. Our artist, writing from Fort Harker under date of August 3, says:

A few months since you could not have convinced a ranchman that there was "any fight in the colored troops." It is different now. I have not met a single frontiersman who has seen the dusky patriots "go for Indians" but is loud in their praise. "Why," quoth one of them the other day, "plague gone my cats if they don't like it!"

The Indians have come to regard a black man with holy horror. A body of them lately attacked Wilson Creek Station twice; each time a few colored troops were there. A few days since the savages made a third attack, evidently under the impression that the dangerous darkeys had left. There was, indeed, only a small squad of soldiers, under the command of a colored sergeant, present; but they had nerve and showed it. As soon as the Indians were observed in the distance the sergeant led his men away from the Station up a ravine near which the Indians would pass if they intended to attack. As soon as the red-skins came sufficiently near to be within easy range the black-skins rose and opened a rapid fire from their breech-loaders. The Indians turned and fled, shouting, "Nigger! nigger! nigger!" and ignominiously abandoned the field.

In his "official report," which is a model of brevity and candor if not of grammar, the sergeant says: "All the boys done Bully but Corporal JOHNSON he flinked. The way he flinked was to stay back until the boys had drove the Injuns two miles then he hollered give it to 'em, me an the boys dont think that a man that would flink that way ought to have corporals stripes"

In addition to our other interesting matter we give also on this page a portrait of our artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, in his Plains costume. Mr. DAVIS has been a traveling correspondent of the *Weekly* since March, 1861. His first trip in our service, through the South with Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, was made a short time before the commencement of the war, and is considered by Mr. DAVIS as the most dangerous journey he ever made. During the war Mr. DAVIS witnessed the capture of Port Royal; the battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*; the conflict at Shiloh; the capture of Corinth; the first bombardment of Vicksburg by PORTER; the battle of Antietam; the surrender of Vicksburg; the seizure of Morris Island; the battle of Chickamauga; the siege and battle of Chattanooga; the Atlanta campaign and the Grand March to the sea, and thence through the Carolinas. He was present at the laying of the Atlantic Cable; rode 2600 miles in a stage-coach across the plains; and for the last six months has been roving over the plains with General CUSTER after the Indians.

GROUP OF WORKMEN ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

COLORED TROOPS ATTACKING INDIANS NEAR WILSON CREEK STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE POET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. SONREL, BOSTON.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ONE of the authorities which we have consulted for the data for a sketch to accompany the fine portrait which we give of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, says that "he was educated a physician and poet." That HOLMES was born a poet and educated a physician is what the writer doubtless intended to express, for it is on record that he "lisped in numbers" and was a fully fledged bard before he had left college. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and graduated at Harvard in 1829; so that the reputation which he won by his contributions to the *Collegian*—a periodical conducted by the undergraduates of Harvard—was attained before he was twenty years of age. His father was also an author, and wrote and published an historical work entitled "Annals of America." He designed his son for the bar; and in 1830 young HOLMES entered upon the study of the law; but in the same year abandoned it for that of medicine, for which he appears to have had as decided a predilection as for poetry, though he has made more national reputation with the pen than with the scalpel. In 1832 he went to Europe, and spent several years in the study of his profession at Paris and other large cities. On his return to this country, an M.D., in 1838, he was chosen Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and served in that capacity for nine years. During the same period he was not idle with his pen; but wrote and published his first Phi Beta Kappa poem—"Poetry, a Metrical Essay;" his second poem before the same society in 1843 was entitled "Terpsichore." Another of his early successes was "Urania," published in 1846.

In 1847 his *alma mater*, Harvard, elevated him to the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology, as the successor of the well-known DR. JOHN C. WARREN, nephew of the WARREN of Bunker Hill. He still holds the position; and has distinguished himself while in it by his researches in auscultation and microscopy. He has also published several works on the subject of medicine, the most important of which have been his "Lectures on Homœopathy and its kindred delusions," "Report on Medical Literature," and an edition of HALL's "Theory and Practice of Medicine."

His success as a *littérateur* has been even more distinguished. In 1850 he delivered, before the Yale chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a fine poem, entitled "Astræa." His serials, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," won for him a national reputation as a humorist; and he is now developing some talent as a novelist. His great success has been as a song writer; and his lyrics, particularly the patriotic ones, are among the most vigorous and effective compositions of the present age. He equally excels in humor and pathos. His "Last Leaf," as a pathetic-humorous poem, and his "Old Ironsides," as a patriotic lyric, have few superiors in the language, and his various songs are often sung on festive occasions.

MY WIFE'S WEDDING-RING.

"GOOD gracious, Augustus! what has become of my wedding-ring?" exclaimed my wife, in great trepidation, holding up the third finger of her left hand, bereft of that sacred token.

"Sure enough," I answered, "what have you done with it?"

"I don't know," replied my wife; "I suppose I must have dropped it. I'm sure I must have dropped it," added she, looking round in a circle of about five feet in circumference in the immediate neighborhood of where she was standing, hoping thereby that her divinely blue eyes might perchance fall upon it.

"I'm afraid it's gone," quoth she, when her search was concluded; "I'm certain it is gone."

"I think quite likely," I replied; "it wouldn't appear at all strange to me if it was, considering we've been tramping through the door-yard and into the garden for the last half-hour at least, and it may have dropped from your finger any moment during that time."

"Oh dear me! what shall I do, Augustus? My wedding-ring gone, and we married little over a year! You know it's bad luck ever to take one off, and I suppose it's the same if it happens to come off."

"Mammy, Melindy's been and gone and lost her wedding-ring—oh, mammy!" Such was the manner in which my brother-in-law, Thomas, more familiarly known as Tom Benson, aged eleven, communicated the intelligence to his mother, who was busily employed in the kitchen superintending certain domestic matters.

"Lost her wedding-ring!" almost screeched my respected mamma-in-law—"lost her wedding-ring!" And still carrying the spoon with which she had been beating some eggs as an ingredient for certain cup-cake—a specialty of hers—she made her appearance in the door-yard, wiping the perspiration, which stood in large drops, from her forehead, at the same time giving additional vent to her feelings by exclaiming, "Why, Melindy!"

"Why, Melindy!" echoed my sister-in-law—still a maid, though older than my wife by nearly four years—as she also made her appearance, bearing in her arms a round, dimpled little specimen of humanity about three months old, crowing in evident enjoyment of the prevailing excitement, albeit totally unconscious of its cause, the first-fruit of the union between Augustus George Wickham, the writer of this narrative, and Melinda, youngest daughter of Squire Jeremiah Benson, of Skimmertown.

"Los' yer weddin'-ring, Miss Melindy?" chimed in old black Susan, the cook, following close on the heels of her mistress. "Goodness gracious, chile, dat am der worst as can befall a pusson any whar."

"They say it's bad luck," assented my mother-in-law, "to take one off or even to have it come off."

"Bad luck!" continued Susan; "it am der worst sort o' luck. See yer, Mass Tommy; jes yer fetch me from der kitchen a lighted can'le, an' a live coal from der fire, an' der eel-skin dat yer kotched yes'day mornin'. Neber fear, Miss Melindy, neber fear, chile; 'tain't gwine to do you no harm, 'tain't; Susan work a spell wid der eel-skin, Susan will."

Whether or not Susan's "spell" would have been so potent as to have returned the ring at once to my wife's finger, or have warded off any contingent harm that might have resulted from the loss of it, I am unable to say, as at that moment the appearance of father Benson upon the scene, with a "Tut, tut, Susan; what are you talking about, girl?" put an end to the working of all spells, charms, and such like experiments in magic as might have been contemplated by the sable sorceress, apparently much to her discomfiture, she, doubtless, being actuated by the best possible intentions.

"Here, Tommy; here, Johnny" (another scion of the Benson stock), "you two boys make a search for that ring now; an' the one that finds it 'll get a dollar for his trouble. After it, both of you!"

So spoke my sensible father-in-law, commonly known as Squire Benson, from his having been at one time a justice of the peace, a well-to-do Connecticut farmer, at whose house my wife and I were making a visit. I married Melinda Benson for no other reason than that I was in love with her, the consequence of a three weeks' sojourn at Skimmertown; I, a city clerk, during my summer vacation. What ever took me to Skimmertown, unless it was fate, I am at a loss to know. I wandered off in that direction in quest of what shooting and fishing might be had, and finally brought up at the hotel in that place, where I cast anchor for the remainder of my holiday.

It isn't necessary for me to rehearse here the incidents of my courtship. I think none of my readers are sufficiently curious to wish to be made acquainted with them; suffice it to say that my wooing was completed in three subsequent visits to Skimmertown, each of shorter duration than the first, and all happening within the period of one year. On the last occasion we twain (Melinda and I) were made one flesh, and started on our wedding-trip a little over twelve months prior to the time at which my story begins, our second visit as man and wife beneath the parent roof.

That John and Tommy's search for the ring would prove futile I felt almost certain, so I was not surprised when they returned empty-handed.

"Might just as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as to look for that 'ere ring round these diggins or any wheres else for the matter of that," said Tommy. "I've searched every nook and corner, an' it ain't there."

"Reckon turkey-gobbler's gobbled it 'fore now," added Johnny; "eats every thing he claps his eyes on. Saw him t'other day swallow three big pebbles out of the path there in the door-yard, thought they was corn because the sun shone on 'em yellow. Shouldn't wonder if he thought the ring was corn too."

"Oh, Augustus," said my wife, "it is too bad! I declare, I must go in search of it myself. What shall I ever do without it?"

"Wouldn't another do just as well?" I asked.

"Oh, Augustus, you silly boy! how could another do as well? We would have to get married all over again, don't you see we would?"

"You wouldn't like that, I suppose?"

"You are always so ridiculous, Augustus, and take things so coolly," and my little wife appeared really put out at what she was pleased to consider very uncalled-for levity on my part.

The time was close on to the dinner-hour, and it was with difficulty that I could restrain her from starting immediately in search of the missing ring.

"It will never do to give it up, Augustus," she exclaimed, with an unusual display of energy, "it must be found!"

Just then the first notes of the dinner-horn sounded, calling the men from the field. Hardly were the welcome tidings heard than a bee that had for some moments been hovering over a magnificent tulip in the garden, occasionally manifesting a predilection for a dry bath by plunging bodily into the depths of the gorgeous flower, started in a direct line for the infant Wickham—no name other than the one inherited from its parents having been fixed upon by which to identify that juvenile prodigy—who, elated by the sound of the horn, with outstretched hands and open mouth gave utterance to various inarticulate gurgles, intended, doubtless, to express his entire sympathy with and unqualified approbation of every thing and every body about him.

On came the bee—possibly interpreting the call as an invitation extended to himself to make haste to dinner—never pausing for a moment to sip the sweets of the many honeyed flowers in its path, but making straight for "baby," conferring thereby a decided, though, perhaps, unintentional, compliment upon the aforesaid, whose white and dimpled arms extended in the air doubtless excited in the bee an appetite bordering upon cannibalism.

A prolonged infantile shriek arose at the moment, seconded by a scream from the lips of the mother hardly less piercing, the first subsiding into a wail such as only an infant with unquestionably sound lungs can give utterance to, brought from kitchen and dining-room first the somewhat over-solicitous grandmamma, pale with nervous apprehension; second, Jane Ann, my maiden sister-in-law; and third, Susan, no less alarmed than either of the others; while Squire Benson, in his shirt-sleeves, followed by several of the farm laborers, together with Johnny and Tommy, hastened homeward through the lane, all intensely eager to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"What on earth is the matter, Melinda?" asked my mother-in-law, breathless with haste and hardly able to speak for excitement.

"The child will choke!" exclaimed Jane Ann, rushing frantically toward it, and blowing vigorously in its face, which had the effect, when a fresh installment of breath was had, of making it cry still louder. "What have you done to it?"

"What's happened der chile?" shouted Susan. "What's happened to der chile? Don't any body know what's happened to it?"

Here another prolonged shriek from baby, half pain, half rage; and father Benson's voice inquiring "what's the matter with Tootens?"—the only name except "baby" the child was known by.

"Jane Ann's been and pinched it!" shouted Tommy, between whom and his spinster sister there seemed to exist a feud.

"Go along, you young brat!" exclaimed his mother, dealing him a sound box on the ear.

"You know you did, Jane Ann," returned Tommy, dodging ineffectually to escape the blow.

"Oh, that abominable bee!" sobbed my wife.

"A bee, a bee, Melinda!" cried my mother-in-law.

"A bee!" chimed Jane Ann.

"A bee!" mumbled Susan.

"Been and gone and got stung," muttered Johnny, aside.

"Tootens stung by a bee?" said Squire Benson. "Put a little clay on the spot."

"Somebody go for the doctor," cried Jane Ann.

Here another howl from "Tootens" which words are all inadequate to describe.

"Dis yer all owin' to the weddin'-ring," observed Susan, shaking her head solemnly, and glancing furtively round upon us all; while Wickham junior still persisted in his deafening efforts at vocalism.

"What nonsense are you talking now?" said Squire Benson, turning suddenly upon Susan. "Get some dirt, I say, and put on the wound."

"Oh, Augustus!" sobbed my wife, the tears streaming down her face, "it's the wedding-ring, I know it's the wedding-ring. Baby 'll die; I'm sure he'll die!"

"Not if his lungs are any criterion," I replied.

"Oh, you cruel man! You are always so cruel. You haven't a particle of feeling, not a particle!" After which emphatic assertion Melinda went to passionately kissing "Tootens," who resented the proffered caresses as though they had been an affront; while mother Benson, Susan, and Jane Ann busied themselves in dressing the wound as the Squire had directed, much to the chagrin and apparent disgust of the youthful patient, who, wearied with loud crying, at last subsided, and sunk to sleep in the arms of its mother.

All this time dinner was waiting, and at Squire Benson's suggestion, the excitement being over, we repaired to the dining-room, Susan betaking herself to the kitchen to wait upon the laborers while at their meal, muttering to herself some half-inaudible jargon respecting the wedding-ring. The sleeping infant was with due care deposited upon a settee, a couple of chairs acting as guards against the possibility of a descent to the floor, which the doubly-watchful mother seemed to regard as every moment imminent in spite of the precaution which had been adopted—a degree of nervous apprehension on her part attributable, as I was led to reflect at the time, to the loss of the wedding-ring and the subsequent accident to her offspring.

Mother Benson seemed not altogether to have recovered from the depressing effect due to the same cause, and the natural reaction following upon excitement. Squire Benson ate heartily, and would probably have forgotten the occurrence, for the time being at least, had he been allowed to do so, it being the prevailing topic of conversation at table. Jane Ann, though apparently less apathetic than her paternal parent, nevertheless allowed it not to interfere with a due appreciation of the good things before her; while Tommy, in an occasional whisper to his elder brother, still put forward the theory that it was no bee at all, but only that fair maiden's fingers that had caused the mischief.

But poor Melinda! she appeared to have little or no relish whatever for her dinner. What with twisting her neck each moment to catch a sight of the innocent Tootens slumbering peacefully upon the settle all undisturbed by dreams of his late enemy, that abominable bee!—the maternal instinct that had suggested the precautionary expedient of the chairs, having been less fruitful in proposing the simpler one of shifting her place at table so that she might at any moment without inconvenience look upon the face of the unconscious babe—and, what with watching every fly that entered the room under the impression that it might be a bee, there was really little comfort in eating, even had she felt inclined. But the loss of the wedding-ring rested heavily on her mind.

"What am I to do, Augustus—get a new one? But a new one won't answer as well. We must find the old one; and where are we to look for it?"

"It'll turn up before long," I answered.

Scarcely had I uttered the words than I bit upon something uncommonly hard, and in another moment was choking violently. Melinda rose from her chair, pale with alarm. Father Benson dropped his knife and fork. Mother Benson advised me to take a drink of water. Jane Ann stopped eating and stared me in the face; while Tommy, half in jest, half in earnest, suggested the expedient familiar to his childhood of looking up at a supposed horse upon the ceiling.

Meanwhile I, the father of the idolized Tootens, was choking to death. The family were becoming alarmed, but not more so than I was. There was something sticking fast in my throat. Each cough I thought would finish me. I stood up, I sat down, I gasped, I struggled, I kicked, I turned blue in the face, but all to no purpose; whatever it was there it remained obstinately fast, and all I could do failed to dislodge it. I felt that my time had about come; I was sure it had. A moment more and I am convinced that such would have been the case. As it was the noise and confusion consequent upon my choking had aroused "Tootens" and brought Susan from the kitchen. Comprehending the situation at a glance she advanced straight toward me, and, lifting her horny, ebony hand high in air, brought it down upon my back with such force as to cause the obnoxious something that had lodged in my throat to fly like a bullet across the room.

Never before or since have I experienced such a sense of relief. It was like the sudden release from a halter that was being closer and closer drawn about the neck. I no longer struggled, gasped, or kicked. My breath came freely. I felt almost inclined to embrace my swarthy deliverer. As it was I caught Melinda in my arms and bestowed on her a hearty squeeze. I did the same with Tootens, who, on waking, had begun a vigorous cry, something in the same key as before.

"Reckon another bee's stung her," remarked Tommy.

"I'll sting you in a minute!" exclaimed Mamma Benson, thoroughly provoked with the boy.

"What was it, Augustus, that caused you to choke?" inquired my wife, now somewhat recovered from her fright, and doing all in her power to quiet Tootens.

"Dat yer weddin'-ring at the bottom of it all, sartain sure," replied Susan.

"You're right for once in your life, old girl," interrupted Squire Benson, stooping to pick up something from the floor, "or else I'm mistaken."

"By golly!" exclaimed Johnny, "it's the ring, as I'm alive; thought turkey gobbler'd gone and swallowed it sure; must have as big a throat as turkey gobbler pretty near."

"The ring!" screamed Melinda.

"The ring!" cried her mother.

"The ring!" shouted Jane Ann.

"Dat am der identical ring, sure as my name's Susy. All covered wid flour too," added old Susan.

And there it lay in Squire Benson's palm, the very ring I had bought of Tiffany prior to my marriage with Melinda.

"It must have worked off your finger in the dough this morning when you were mixing bread," remarked Mother Benson.

There, the whole mystery was explained! Sure enough, Melinda had been in the kitchen early in the forenoon professedly assisting her mother.

How fortunate I had not choked to death with the thing!

"All owin' to der spell dis chile worked," mumbled Susan, taking another look at the ring. "It was der eel-skin and der live coal what fetched it."

Suffice it to say that the wedding-ring which was the cause of so much trouble and anxiety that day has never left my wife's hand since; and that Tootens, who grows each hour more and more interesting, is at present engaged in cutting her first tooth, which promises to be a remarkably fine one.

TOO TIMID.

You look into my face as if
You had an anger in your heart;
Pray speak, and tell me if I have
In waking it a part.

You say you loved me. Ay, indeed!
You loved me as you loved your life;
And only waited time to ask
That I might be your wife.

You waited time, Sir! Know that Time
Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,
And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
Your hand was always loose and chill;
It never closed and sent through mine
A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
You never struck one fervid blow
Upon the red door of my heart;
Your knocking was too low.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
You stood too far, and never came
To let the love-fire of your eyes
Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You staid too long; another spoke
And showed his love, a costly thing;
He looked it, lived it. Now I wear
Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke
I might have answered to your claim;
But now too late. And not to me
But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, Sir. A woman sees
All that a man may dare to show.
You showed me nothing. Now good-by;
I leave you here, and go.

AUGUST JOURNAL OF A DESERTED HUSBAND.

Monday.—I have just seen my dear wife off to Newport. Poor Bessie has been very far from salubrious for some time. Dark rings round the eyes, and she talked in her sleep, besides kicking spasmodically. Her physician, Dr. Giddiness, told me in private that the cheapest prescription he could give was change of air.

Dear Bessie took a couple of hundred with her to begin with, so that the prescription, though it may possibly prove efficacious, will not be particularly cheap.

I am left in town by myself. Heigh-ho! I feel lonely and dejected. The house never looked so miserable. I fancy I am reduced in circumstances, and obliged to look after a deserted mansion. Don't half like it.

At six o'clock rang the bell for dinner. "Cook was very sorry—no dinner had been ordered." Rushed out and dined at the nearest restaurant. Read yesterday's *Herald;* waiter couldn't find to-day's. When I am cast down I always read the Personals. I didn't eat much, and what little I did wasn't good. The waiter coughed over my potatoes, and has a wart on his thumb.

Walked about for two hours and whistled a good deal, not knowing what to do with myself. Noticed a policeman was following me. Asked him what he meant by it? Recommended to be careful—he "had got his eye on me!" It has come then to this, that I, the possessor of two votes, three children, and $25,000 in the bank, am taken to be a suspicious character, and have an "eye" on me! Laughed away my indignation, however, and strolled quietly home.

Knocked and rang—rang and knocked—but no answer. Repeated this, with all my force, for ten—twenty—thirty minutes, until my wrist was sore. Would have climbed over the railings, but I am not so young as I used to be, though my flesh is still as tender and sensitive. Heard the bell ringing as if it had a fit, and my knocks seemed to explode in the passage. Got so hot, I wonder my hat didn't jump up and down, like the lid of a sauce-pan on the boil; pumped at the bell and stretched the wire, hammered at the door and hit my little finger on my favorite nail. Here was a rich joke. I was locked out of my own house.

Same policeman, who had informed me he was keeping his "eye" on me, came up and wanted to carry me off to the station-house. He was good enough to make the following remark: "We can't have this here noise at this here time of night." He was an impudent man. Scuffle about to ensue, but interrupted in time by the appearance of the cook with a large brown jug in her hand. "Oh! please, she had just stepped out about the servants' supper." If I had answered the woman I should have forgotten myself. I kept my tongue quiet, but not so my eyes, which rolled like the German Ocean.

Besides, where were the servants whose supper she had been to get? Then out came the truth: every body had gone to the theatre. My servants at the theatre? sucking oranges and eating pea-nuts! The mice at the play because my cat's—I mean of course my darling wife's—back was turned! The way in which I slammed-to the parlor-door must have convinced the cook

that I was far from pleased. I regret now I had not sufficient courage to speak a few of the brilliantly-cutting remarks I thought of half an hour afterward.

Parlor cheerless, and all in the dark. The twelve chairs round the room looked very solemn, and frightened me. Desired the cook, to whom I could scarcely speak civilly, to light the lamp. The pampered female drew herself up and said she was not engaged as waiting-maid to light lamps— "It was Nann's place." Felt my blood bubble and my fingers writhe like snakes.

If she had been a man (and she was almost) I could, as she then stood, have hurt her considerably. The sensitive creature said I had used words unbecoming a gentleman. I can take my oath I went no further than "reptile." All my terms had been until then purely zoological; but now I was beyond myself. Wound up by ordering her to leave the room. Suspect the confounded hussy was drunk.

Knock at the street-door. Another knock louder, and again another rampagious. Half thought I was locked out again; so upset was my brain. Had to answer the door, at last, myself.

It was a man with a tremendous dish of oysters. I told him I had ordered none. "They was for the supper in the kitchen," said he. You might have knocked me down as easily as I afterward did a mantle-ornament. As the hall was in perfect darkness, the man put the dish into my hands, asking me savagely, at the same time, "To lay hold tight, and look a bit sharper next time he knocked." Flung the dish after him in a violent rage, and overwhelmed him in a shower of slippery bivalves.

The crash of the crockery collected a crowd round the door, boys and blackguards scrambling on the door-step up to my very boots for the fallen natives. Great excitement—neighbors right and left putting their heads out to see what was the matter. A fight, arising out of an undue division of the scattered fish, brought up my old friend with the "eye"—the policeman. Great zeal displayed by that officer in dispersing the combatants. Rapid metamorphosis of manner in his style of addressing me. It was nothing but touching his hat, and bowing, and scratching the pavement with his monster foot, and hoping I "wouldn't carry it any further; he was sure he didn't mean to offend me." Took the poor devil's obsequiousness in good part, and to prove that there was no ill-feeling smouldering in my breast, asked him, as it was rather a chilly night, if he "wouldn't like a glass of spirit to keep the cold out?" He did not surprise me when he said "Yes."

He followed me into the house, piloting the way through the dark by means of his bull's-eye. Assisted me also to light the new-fangled kerosene lamp, though the latter was a nasty, unpleasant job. We were nearly twenty minutes pottering over it. The wick had never been trimmed.

Little did my own pet at Newport dream of the suffering her George was enduring. The lamp was one of the last patents that take nothing short of a lifetime to understand, and of which you have no sooner learned the mystery than a better kind is invented. Disagreeable smell of kerosene about one's fingers, but one soon became impervious to the colza-aginous bouquet in the ardor of one's hunt after the keys to get the policeman his promised glass of gin. Very odd! Couldn't find those keys any where.

The hunt broken up suddenly by the lamp going out, and making a stench I could never have believed possible if it hadn't nearly made me ill. Went down stairs into the kitchen, accompanied by the policeman, his lantern throwing down before one a broad sheeting of light. It was like witnessing a performance of the magic lantern. It reminded me of driving about the house in a gig with the lamps lighted. Found cook in an arm-chair with her feet in the coal-scuttle, her head hanging down, frowning and snoring. Empty bottle on the table. No 1072 applied his nose to the neck and sniffed at it so vigorously that the bottle uttered a deep musical note.

Then he said, knowingly, "Rum, Sir!" Found a couple of clammy candles in a round tin box, not unlike a jam "rollypolly" pudding. On second thoughts, it is not in the least like a jam "rollypolly" pudding. Stuck the candles into two big candlesticks, such as I have never seen any where but upon the stage, in the hands of chamber-maids, showing a waylaid traveler to his room. Sauntered up stairs, policeman after me. Found the street-door wide open. I must have forgotten to close it when I let the policeman in. Was never guilty of such forgetfulness before. My poor head was turned with my troubles.

Renewed hunt for keys. Looked high (ridiculously high) and low (absurdly low) for same, and at last, half ashamed of my own helplessness, gave policeman fifty cents to get rid of him. Felt relieved when he was gone, as it was unpleasant to have a pair of strange eyes the prying witnesses of one's discomfiture. Wished that dear Bessie were at home. Candles gave a very bad light, and guttered all over the carpet and table, our Brussels covered with drops of tallow as if it had been strewn with shirt-buttons. Got no snuffers; and the wick like a tenpenny nail! Wouldn't use my fingers and couldn't the tongs, so endured a smell that set me forever against sprats and suet.

Eleven o'clock!—the servants not come home. Twelve o'clock!—still absent. Half-past!—I fancied I heard voices and laughter. Rang the bell. Jane—dressed to death, and inclined to be saucy. Asked her if she knew what time it was, when she looked at the hall-clock and told me to a minute. I inquired why she had not brought up the plate-basket. "Missus had locked it all up, to put it out of danger." Bessie should have remembered I hate eating with a steel fork.

Feelings any thing but enviable—fearfully low and melancholy—no keys; couldn't get even a glass of grog; about two o'clock went to bed, quite spiritless. Couldn't find my night-gown any where. At last got in between the sheets with my dressing-gown on. Much scrubbed by my night-dress. Dreamed I was running all night after a will-o'-the-wisp, who jingled before me a bunch of keys.

Tuesday.—Woke up at eight o'clock. Rang for hot water. Not a servant up. Never heard of such a thing. At last, after half an hour's violent ringing, Jane came to inquire, most innocently, "if I wanted any thing." Asked her what she meant by sleeping until that time. Fire wasn't lighted; cook, the tipsy toad, was ill in bed; and there was nothing in the house for breakfast.

Another hunt for the keys. Had a distinct remembrance of Bessie giving them to me in the carriage. Very strange. They could not have walked out of the house. Could not, for the life of me, recollect where I had put them. At last, in sheer despair, sent for a locksmith and had the store-room, ten drawers, six cupboards, and a couple of wardrobes picked open.

Couldn't touch my breakfast. The fish was too salt for human food, besides being powdered with a very fine coal-ash. The pieces of bacon, curled up as tight as a doll's curls, and ate as crisp as cinders. The butter, too, was rank, the bread stale, and the milk seemed to be laboring under a fit of the blues as badly as myself. Not thinking it safe to leave the drawers open, and so giving the servants an opportunity of helping themselves to any thing they liked, locked the doors of the rooms, and put the keys into my pocket.

Wanted to put on my business coat—that, too, was nowhere to be found. A capital coat it was, almost new, only just relined, and a fresh velvet collar. I intended that coat to last me two years longer. This came of leaving the street-door open. I saw it all at a glance. I had only myself to blame. Kept down one's rage, and found the umbrella had gone also.

Going out, was met at the door by Jane with the inquiry of "What would I have for dinner?" Took half an hour to consider, not being accustomed to these things; at last told the girl to get two mutton-chops and a few potatoes. Much time wasted.

Too late for the train that always carries me to business, and missed a most important engagement. On returning, found the carpenters and masons in the house. Asking for an explanation, was informed that "Missus had thought it was better to take advantage of her absence from town to have the roof repaired."

Dined, and found the chops so infamously hard, dry, small, and tainted, that I was obliged to send them away, and surfeit myself on bread-and-cheese. I have eaten nothing since Bessie has been absent. My waistcoat begins to bag.

On remonstrating with the cook, with the gentleness that an empty stomach generally inspires, she coolly said she would leave that instant. "She didn't mind being blown up by missus, but it was too much of a good thing to be blown up by master as well—one in a house was quite enough, and, once for all, she wouldn't stand it." This is a nice state of things, to be left all by one's self without a cook!

Jane, however, has volunteered "to do for us as well as she can." Gave her five dollars to get tea and sugar and other things that were wanted. She only gave me four shillings change. The girl seems very obliging, but has no idea of the marketable value of money.

House very dirty from the masons. Why will they wipe their huge feet on the stair-carpet? The noise they make is any thing but cheering, the clanging of the trowels sets my teeth on edge. Boy called for the payment of the broken dish and five dozen of oysters. Never remembered to have conversed with a more impertinent youth. Some of the expressions he used exasperated me so I had to kick him into the street.

Comforted myself with a glass of hot port-wine negus. No lemons in the house; gave Jane five shillings to get some. She tells me they are charging ten cents each for good lemons—they were not very fine ones either. Smoked a cigar in the dining-room, enjoining on Jane the strictest secrecy—not to say a word to her mistress.

Went to bed very early; disgusted at not finding my room in order. Jane very saucy: "How was she, pray, to make the bed when I had locked the door?" The reason seemed conclusive, and so I discreetly held my tongue. Ordered my breakfast over night, and gave Jane particular directions to have it on the table not later than nine o'clock. Gave her a dollar to get something nice.

Should have liked to have had some supper, as I felt uncommonly hungry, but I hadn't the pluck to order any thing for fear of giving too much trouble, and didn't like leaving the house at night in the possession of the servants.

Wednesday.—Awakened very early by the noise of the workmen overhead. It seemed to me as if they were playing nine-pins on the roof. Ring as I will I can not get Jane out of bed in the morning. No breakfast until ten o'clock. Her excuse is that "she had so much to do yesterday that she is afraid she overslept herself. Would I allow her aunt, please, to come and help her?" I don't like "aunts," but I assented sooner than have any words about it. I hope to goodness she will not require the assistance of her uncle or her cousin as well. I couldn't stand that. Late again for business, and two bills presented before I got to the office.

When I went back at night found three fellows in linen jackets busy painting the staircase. Nearly fell flat on the door-mat with horror and surprise. It was thoughtless of my dear Bessie not to arrange better, for half the staircase had been altered to a pale blue and the other was in its original dirty yellow. I gave way to their representations that "it was much better they should be allowed to go on now they had begun." But this nuisance is getting almost more than I can bear. I am already forgetting my multiplication table. My brain is affected.

Thursday.—Found it physically impossible to stop in the house with the noise, dust, and smell of the paint! Awoke with a headache. The beastly turpentine had brought on a severe cold. Couldn't speak plain. The faculty of smelling almost entirely obliterated. As I am starting for business stopped at the door by Jane, who again points at me the deadly question of "What will I have for dinner?" Tired of being forced in this manner to eat my dinner twice in the same day, I reply with considerable warmth, "I will dine out."

Affectionate letter from wifey, saying how much she is enjoying herself at the sea-side. She says she is *so* comfortable; her lodgings are *so* clean, and the servants *so* obliging. I wish I was comfortable. My lodgings and my servants are far from giving *me* satisfaction. Alas!

During my absence two papers were left with Jane, "to be given to me personally the moment I returned." The first, a summons to the Justices' Court for the oysters and broken dish. A most unfair demand is made for the crockery. A nice, pleasant thing for a man, tired with overwork, to have put into his hand the moment he reaches home! The second paper contains a notice of action for assault. I am in the hands of a Jew attorney. Upon my word, things are going on prettily! The scoundrel who served this paper had the impudence to say that the boy was laid up in the hospital, though I could swear I saw him that very morning in the village jumping over a post. Dined most indifferently at a restaurant. Had lemonade and cold mutton.

Jane wanted some money to get a little something for dinner for herself and aunt. Gave her a V, and very unwisely told her to get what she liked. I suppose she liked something rather expensive, for she returned me no loose silver.

Jones dropping in about eight o'clock sent for some oysters for supper. Shell-fish man sent back a most impertinent message, refusing to serve me. Could only offer Jones a few radishes. He seemed hurt.

Friday.—Pulled out of a most delicious sleep again by strange noises. Jumped up in bed, alarmed by a singular rattling in my fire-place. Armed myself with the boot-jack, and investigated. It turned out that "Missus had left orders that while she was away all the chimneys had better be swept"—at least, so Jane said. Scolded her well for having omitted to tell me over night. Told her that, had I been nervous, a fit might have been the consequence; but my harangue did not seem to have much effect on the woman, for I could detect a broad grin all over her face. Servants seldom sympathize with their master; they prefer humbugging their mistress—at least mine do.

Breakfast late again. Flesh and blood can not stand this. Luckily Jane did not answer the bell very rapidly, or she would have had a bit of my mind. As it was, I remonstrated with the girl in the most appealing manner, but she cut me short by saying she found it impossible to please, and so she would leave the house that very minute. Terrified at the prospect of being left without servants, and having to light my own kitchen fire, carry up my own shaving-water, prepare my own breakfast, make my own bed, boil my own potatoes, and fetch my own coals, I had to soften and pacify the jade. Eventually I succeeded in calming her, but not before I had given her another dollar.

She is to go with her aunt to the theatre in the evening, and I am to sit up for the precious pair. Jane came in again to say that the men about the house made so much dirt that she and her aunt found it quite impossible to keep it any thing like clean, and would I mind their having a char-woman to help them through that rough work? She knows I am in her power, and takes a mean advantage of my trouble. She shall have a nice character, I promise her.

Compromised that little matter of the oysters for $25 to the boy, and $5 for the damage done. The Jew attorney frightened me into terms. I know it would have ended in a Chancery suit if I had not settled—and that never would have ended! I hope the Jew will keep all the money and cheat his clients.

Loving letter from Bessie, saying that she never was so happy in all her life. Thinks she shall prolong her stay to a month at least. Gracious!

Dined off pork pies and sausage rolls at a second-class restaurant. Shall take a pill before going to bed.

Sat up reading till two o'clock, waiting for Jane and her aunt. Forgot what I read, such was my indignation. At last in they walked. Borrowed a dollar to pay for their carriage. My rage choked my utterance, or I should have read them a severe lesson. I am, I feel, in the power of the Jezebels. Fancied I caught sight of a policeman sneaking away. Could it be my old friend? He had better take care he does not rouse my suspicions or I'll call upon the inspector.

Went to bed—tired, discomfited, and profoundly unhappy. Couldn't sleep. At some hour of the night heard strange noises below. Threw on my dressing-gown, and stole on tip-toe down to the kitchen. There was Jane and her fat aunt in a state ten times worse than even cook. Two black bottles on the table, and, under it—yes! there I found the policeman, whom I had rightly suspected! Ordered them to leave the house instantly. Jane answered she should not think of going until the morning. Had a great mind to give the policeman in charge; but he must have taken himself up, for there wasn't another officer within call. To exasperate me, that fiend Jane demanded more money for wages due and disbursements for char-woman, eggs, flour, etc. Paid her, sooner than allow her an excuse for delaying her departure. Crawled up stairs to bed in a heart-broken state, impossible to appreciate.

Saturday.—By seven o'clock I was the only human being under my roof. Sent off a telegraphic message (by baker's boy) to Bessie, imploring her to return, or else I should go mad.

Received by the first general delivery a letter from Bessie, saying she was so delighted with the sea-side did not know when I should see her again. She hoped the servants had conducted themselves properly, and attended to my wants. I was to tell the cook this, and tell Jane that. Ha! ha! ha!

Sent, as a last alternative, a communication (per market-boy) to my mother-in-law, begging of her instantly to come and keep house for me. Dread her coming: but what am I to do? Couldn't go to business, as I was afraid to leave the place. Had no idea it was so difficult to light a fire. Sad dirty work: I am as black as a tinker. No butter in the house; and not a knife cleaned.

Tried to prepare my morning's meal, but there was nothing to prepare it with. Ate some cold potatoes. Sent another special message by electric-telegraph (per grocer's boy). Told Bessie if she didn't come to me directly I'd shut up the house and go into lodgings. Got the stomach-ache from those potatoes.

A long, lingering day. Amused myself a little by looking out of all the windows—many of them, I regret to see, very dirty. Wrote with my finger "Slut" upon several panes, to show I had noticed their disgraceful condition. Bought ten bunches of radishes and two dozen oranges to guard against starvation. Called philosophy to my aid, and walked over the house to cheer myself. The water comes through the roof of back attic. Felt so resigned I got out on the roof to enjoy a little fresh air. In the afternoon received a peremptory letter from Mr. P——, saying my two boys were seized very badly with the measles, and begging me to remove them instantly from school, lest the other boys should catch the contagion. How can I go? It only wanted this to complete my load. Now my cup can hold no more misery without slopping.

No dinner! only my radishes, my oranges, and some stale pieces of toast. Very odd, had no inclination to sleep after this dinner. I had reckoned upon my nap for shortening the time. Tried to read the first volume of the "Penny Encyclopædia" by the aid of the gas-lamp in the road. The wind was high, and I missed too many lines to get interested. Fancied I was sleepy, when it was only my eyes that were weakened.

Went to bed. It was just as I left it in the morning, and I could not get the sheets smooth. Restless sleep, feverish dreams. Shaken at about three o'clock in the morning by a man with a mask pulling my watch from underneath my pillow. Had sufficient consciousness to discern that he had my business-coat on. How could he have got it? The truth flashed upon me at the same time as he turned the dark-lantern, in full focus, upon my face. The rascal had stolen it out of the hall on the evening when, bothered out of my life fumbling over that stupid lamp, I forgot to close the street-door. My latch-key was in the pocket.

In my agony of mind, worn out by the sufferings of the day, it had quite escaped my memory to fasten the locks and bolts before going up stairs. The street-door had been left on the latch. Severe was my punishment. Terror threw me into a profuse perspiration, so perhaps it is lucky I did not spring to the ground and grapple with the midnight ruffian, for I might have caught cold. Allowed him to depart, and then, slipping on my trowsers, rushed down stairs after the vagabond.

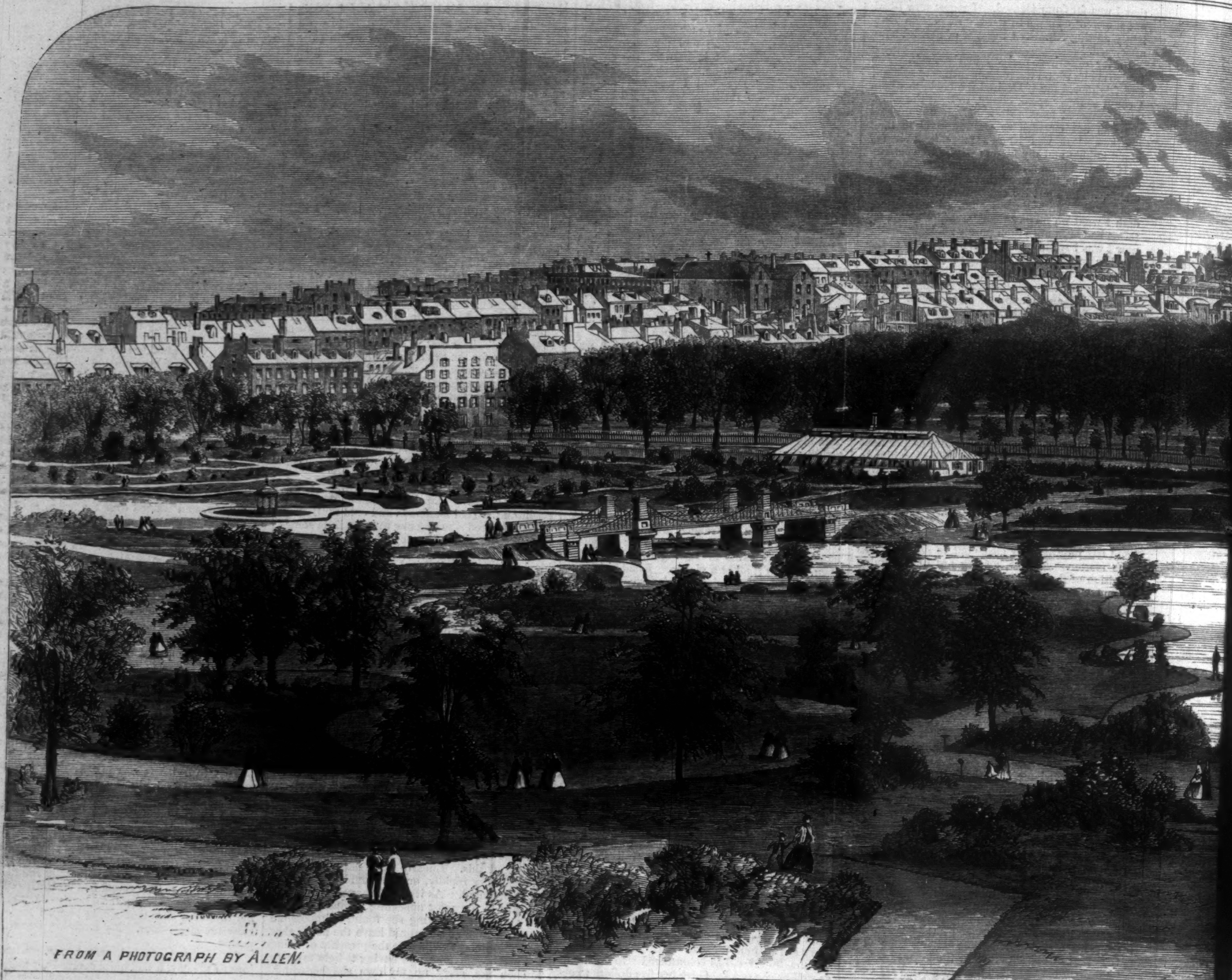
Carriage drove up as I was listening on the first-floor landing. Called lustily for help, when in rushed my dearest wife, my beloved Bessie, nearly fainting with alarm at finding the street-door open, and me in my night-gown, roaring for assistance. Grand tableau. Another day, and I believe fright and starvation would have done their worst, and my Bessie would, on her return, have found to welcome her home a poor corpse stretched out on the drawing-room rug—a poor corpse, black in the face from its last vain endeavors to light a fire.

CONCLUSION.—My old acquaintance—the policeman—caught the man escaping from the house. It was fortunate for him, as he thus preserved his own bacon. Recovered my watch and all my property, including the business-coat. In the pocket of the latter were found the lost keys.

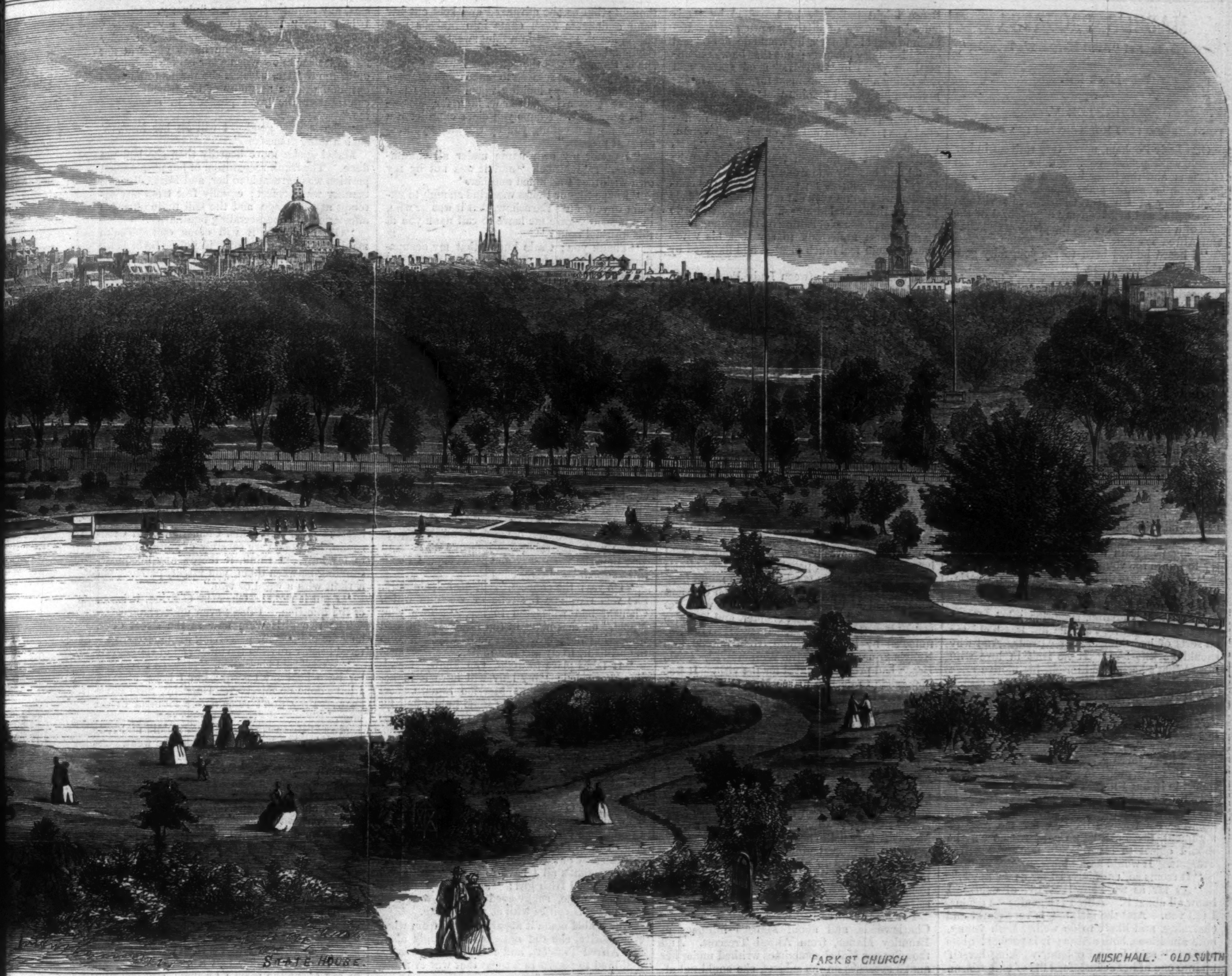
Bessie extremely kind and attentive. She was excessively annoyed to think of the plunder Jane had extracted from me under the plea of housekeeping. Said I was close enough with her, my own wife. Seemed vexed, I thought. Said she only hoped she would send to her for a character.

She thought I was looking dreadfully thin and haggard—very likely I am. Bessie has faithfully promised me never to leave me all by myself in the house again. Her trip has done her great good; her spirits are excellent. She says I ought not to be trusted alone without my nurse.

She also adds that no one is so unhappy as a "pampered coddle" of a husband, who is left to manage for himself! I thought of adding that nothing is so selfish as to go out of town to amuse yourself, and take such little heed of the comforts of those left behind as to fill the house with masons, painters, and sweeps. Certainly it enabled her to avoid the noise of falling bricks, the smell of paint, and the dirt of soot. But, confound it! I don't like them any more than she does. However, to avoid words, I kept these thoughts to myself, and when she called me a "pampered coddle of a husband" I only smiled and said, "Yes, my sweetest."



THE PUBLIC GARDEN AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, M[ASS.]



ACHUSETTS.—From Photographs by Whipple and Allen.—[See Page 563.]

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book IV.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRINCESS PUTS MORE COTTON IN HER EARS.

Old Lady Popham, never very reticent in her speech, was especially confidential with Geraldine O'Brien; and the latter had not been very long in Dublin before her godmother had told her the whole story of Clement Charlewood's visit to Cloncoolin, and of his strong disapproval of the idea of a marriage between the pretty "Ophelia" and Alfred Trescott.

"I heard he had been to see you, fairy godmother," said Geraldine.

"Oh, you did? Well now, wasn't it an odd proceeding, child? Not his coming to see me. That, under the circumstances, was quite natural, and I'm sure I was charmed, and all that kind of thing. But the extraordinary motive of his visit—for he told me with refreshing candor that he had not made the journey to Cloncoolin on my account! I declare, I thought at first that the man was in love with 'Ophelia' himself. But he denied it when I asked him, point-blank."

It may be remarked, in passing, that this was one of those inaccuracies to which Lady Popham in her impulsiveness was liable. Clement, in his conversation with her, had merely asserted that he was not engaged to Miss Bell.

Miss O'Brien looked up with a bright blush on her cheek: "Did he, fairy godmother?"

"Yes, indeed he did. So I could only attribute his interference to a much less excusable motive—enmity to young Trescott. I don't like stabbing people in the back. Why should he try to injure the young fellow with me?"

"I'm quite sure that Cle——, that Mr. Charlewood would stab no one in the back, my lady," said Geraldine, indignantly.

"Andiamo, andiamo, signorina mia! But I tell you he did it. Yes; he did it. Told me all sorts of bad things about Alfred. And why should he interfere? If he isn't in love with Miss What's-her-name himself, his motive must have been hatred to young Trescott, as I said."

"He may have a friendly interest in the young lady, godmamma."

"Friendly fiddle-stick! A young man of his age don't act as Mentor to a pretty girl like Miss Thingammy from friendly interest. Che! che! I have lived seventy years in this queer world, Geraldina mia, and I've seen a good many queer things in it, but I never saw *that* yet! Besides," added the old lady, fanning herself violently, as she was wont to do when excited, "besides, even granting his friendly interest, for the sake of argument, there can be no good reason why he should object to his friend's marrying Alfred Trescott. It would be a highly suitable match."

"It seems so, certainly, so far as we know."

"As far as we know! Why, of course, I know all about it. Alfred is a genius—a genius, I tell you. And the girl, too, is very clever and charming, and likely to do well. Both young, both ambitious, both artists; it is perfect! quite perfect!" said Lady Popham, working herself up into one of her accustomed fits of enthusiasm.

"Yes," replied Miss O'Brien, thoughtfully; "Mr. Alfred Trescott is very clever, no doubt; but I'm not at all sure that I should like my—my sister, for example, to intrust her happiness to his keeping."

"Your sister!" cried my lady, stopping short in a quick, restless promenade up and down the long drawing-room. "*Your* sister! Ah, ce serait tout autre chose!"

Geraldine made no answer, but she thought within herself that Clement Charlewood would probably refuse to admit the existence of any such wide and necessary distinction between his friend Miss Bell and Miss O'Brien's hypothetical sister. There had been, for some time, a desire growing in Geraldine's mind to make the personal acquaintance of this girl, the mention of whose name had caused such commotion at Bramley Manor; and Carlo Bensa's visit to Merrion Square furnished her with the link necessary for her purpose. Lady Popham had never been accustomed to put any restraint upon the promptings of her curiosity with regard to the private history of her artistic protégés; and Signor Bensa's Italian nature was rather flattered than offended by the lively interest manifested by "miladi" in his family affairs. He could understand reserve and concealment upon points which he had an interest in keeping secret; but the idea of a reticence which had for its object merely the avoidance of a too easy familiarity with persons for whom he neither felt nor professed affection, was to him, as it would be to most Italians, completely inconceivable. He therefore chattered on with perfect good-humor about his wife, and his baby, and his pupils, and his prospects, and his wife's cousin, Miss Bell, who was so clever and so good, and so much beloved by them all. And after Lady Popham had given him all the necessary instructions about the arrangement of the forthcoming concert she proceeded to sound him a little as to his knowledge of Alfred Trescott's private character. But here she found herself suddenly baffled. The vivacious little man lost no particle of his vivacity, no sparkle from his eye, no brightness from his smile, but one might as well have attempted to grasp a will-o'-the-wisp as to get at his real opinion of the young fiddler. And yet Carlo Bensa could not be said to be a guileful man. He was good-hearted and well-intentioned. But to his mind and conscience the case was clear: "miladi" had taken a great fancy to the handsome Alfredo. Benissimo! She was a great lady, and could afford to indulge her caprices. Carlo Bensa might indirectly be benefited by "miladi's" patronage of this unknown artist. Benissimo again! He (Carlo) would do his best and earn his money honestly; but that he was to imperil his place in "miladi's" good graces, and risk losing a good engagement for the sake of expressing his candid opinion that Alfred Trescott was a selfish, idle, dissipated young rascal, incomplete as an artist, and hateful as a man—che! che! Was he a fool, or an Englishman, that he should do this thing? But about "Miss Bell" there was no such feeling. Of her he could talk heartily and frankly; and when Miss O'Brien, alleging as an excuse her family connection with some very old and intimate friends of Miss Bell's at Hammerham, proposed to do herself the pleasure of calling on that young lady, Carlo Bensa undertook to say that his wife's cousin would feel much pleased and flattered by such a visit.

It was arranged between Lady Popham and Geraldine that the latter should avail herself of the opportunity of her morning ride—which she was accustomed to take at a quiet, early hour, attended only by an old servant—to call upon Miss Bell. To her Aunt Dawson Miss O'Brien said very little about the proposed visit. That frigid lady shook her head and shut her lips closely when Geraldine told her she was going to see "Augusta's old friend and school-fellow."

"She is no longer a friend of my daughter-in-law, Geraldine," said Mrs. Dawson. "I must say that I thought Augusta expressed herself very properly about the young person that day at Hammerham."

"*I* did not think so, Aunt Dawson; but that's no matter. Lady Popham sees no objection to my going to call on this young lady."

Geraldine was quite aware that Mrs. Dawson would not put herself in open opposition to any proceeding that Lady Popham might choose to approve of. It was her *duty*, Mrs. Dawson told herself, and told other people, to keep Geraldine's rich godmother in as good humor as might be.

On the morning of the day on which Clement Charlewood had had the conversation with Penelope recorded in my last chapter, and had also visited Mrs. Saxelby at Hazlehurst, Miss O'Brien, followed by her old groom, rode quietly into Kelly's Square, where Mrs. Walton lived. Carlo Bensa had prepared Mabel for the visit. It was impossible to decline to see Miss O'Brien, even had there been time to do so; but Mabel would have given much to avoid receiving her.

Aunt Mary and Uncle John, quite unconscious of this feeling on their niece's part, were much pleased by the kind message that Bensa had brought, and by his report of the interest Lady Popham and Miss O'Brien had shown in Mabel.

"I think it is very nice, indeed, of the young lady," said Mrs. Walton, "and a very becoming attention to so old and intimate a friend of the family that her cousin has married into. I think Miss O'Brien's polite behavior puts to shame Mr. Walter Charlewood altogether. He has never taken any notice of you, Mabel dear, since he has been in Dublin. And you on such intimate terms with his family, almost like one of themselves!"

For Mrs. Walton had learned much about the Charlewoods, and about Mabel's intimacy at Bramley Manor, from Alfred Trescott. And though poor Mabel sometimes writhed under her aunt's speeches on the subject, she could not affect to deny the facts of the case. All she could do was to assure Aunt Mary that her going on the stage had put a stop to all familiar intercourse between herself and the rich, prosperous Hammerham magnates.

"I don't see why it should, at all," said Aunt Mary, stoutly. But then John Earnshaw had patted his wife's hand, and reminded her, smilingly, of the old lady in the Orkney Islands, who had found it necessary to renounce her third cousin, whom she had never seen, in consequence of his marriage with an actress.

The clatter of horses' hoofs in the square brought Janet to the window.

"Here is your visitor, Mabel," she said. "Jack, tell Catty to show the lady into the little parlor—there's a good boy. She's a fine, well-made girl, father, in a dark-blue habit, and riding a very pretty bay horse. The groom is quite an old man, and, as far as I can tell, better mounted than his mistress."

Mabel rose slowly and reluctantly, laying down a book from which she was studying. She was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and her rich dark hair was bound up in a multitude of shining plaits at the back of her head, but her gown was of very cheap and somewhat worn brown stuff.

"Why didn't you put on your black silk, Mabel?" said Aunt Mary, solicitously regarding her.

"It doesn't matter, dear auntie."

"Doesn't Mabel look nice, then?" asked Mr. Earnshaw.

"She always look nice," pronounced Janet, decisively, as her cousin closed the door behind her.

Mabel paused with her hand on the balusters, feeling her limbs tremble beneath her. "*Why* am I such a coward?" she asked herself, almost fiercely; and the next moment she had opened the parlor-door and stood in the presence of her visitor.

Geraldine O'Brien, with her bright cheek flushed with exercise, her blue eyes beaming with health, and the chestnut gloss of her hair, heightened by contrast with the black feather that drooped from her riding-hat, seemed to Mabel's eyes a very lovely creature as she stood in the full flood of the morning sunshine that poured in from the window. Geraldine, on her part, observed every detail of the slight graceful figure and pale face that remained for one instant framed in the open doorway before her, with the rapidity of true womanly perception.

"She is *not* handsome," was the Irish girl's first thought; but as she advanced and held out her hand a delicate flush came into Mabel's pale cheek, her lips parted in a faint sweet smile, and the liquid gray eyes were raised candidly. "Yes, she is, though," was the contrary verdict formed in the second that sufficed to make those changes in the face she was looking upon. "This is a pleasure I have long been wishing for, Miss—Miss Earnshaw. I hope you don't consider it a liberty my not calling you by the name you assume at present."

"I prefer my own name under all circumstances," said Mabel, "and it was not by my own wish that I assumed another."

"I hope Signor Bensa was kind enough to explain to you, Miss Earnshaw, that it was he who, in a measure, gave me leave to call upon you at this unusual hour?"

"Thank you; Carlo knows that my occupations are so constant and engrossing that I can not be sure of any but the early morning hours."

Struggle as she would to maintain her self-possession, Mabel was conscious of an unusual flutter in her manner, and of a wandering attention. She, who was naturally and habitually simple and straightforward, could not regard Miss O'Brien with unalloyed simplicity and straightforwardness. In truth, she was not looking at her or speaking to her for herself, but with a constant reference to Clement Charlewood. That was the voice, those were the eyes, the smiles, the ways, the words that had pleased him!

"My godmother, Lady Popham, desired me to say for her that she would have been so glad to come with me and to make your acquaintance, but she is so busy at this moment that it was impossible."

Mabel bowed silently.

"If you knew Lady Popham, Miss Earnshaw, you would understand how wonderfully she gives herself up to any thing that interests her. And just now she is so busy and so occupied about this concert."

"Oh yes; the concert," said Mabel, absently. She was recalling the tone of voice in which Clement had whispered to her, "I love you, Mabel," on that night in the Eastfield inn, and wondering vaguely whether he had spoken so to the brilliant, lively girl before her.

"It takes place to-night, you know," Geraldine proceeded: "my lady will have it in her own drawing-rooms at Merrion Square. At first they thought of taking some public hall for the purpose, but there were so many difficulties that—but why am I saying all this to you, who, of course, know all the particulars!"

"I? No, truly. I did not know. I am so constantly employed myself. But I wish Mr. Alfred Trescott all success: he is very fortunate in having such kind friends."

Geraldine O'Brien opened her blue eyes widely for an instant and stared at Mabel. This was an odd tone for one whom young Trescott had spoken of as almost his affianced bride! "Either the lady or the gentleman is a most amazing humbug, that's all I have to say!" thought the frank-hearted Irish girl; "and I'd lay odds it's that handsome, snaky-eyed Alfredo that fairy godmother is coiffée with at this minute."

But Mabel made it apparent that, from whatever motive, she did not speak willingly about Mr. Alfred Trescott, and Miss O'Brien was too well-bred to persist in a topic that was evidently distasteful.

"There is an old friend of yours here now, Miss Earnshaw," she said, changing the subject.

"An old friend of mine?"

"Yes; Walter Charlewood. You know, of course, that he is half a cousin of mine now."

"I was glad to hear of Augusta's marriage."

"Malachi Dawson, her husband, is a very good sort of fellow, and I think they will get on very well together. As his cousin I may be allowed to say that I look upon it as a very good match for *him*. They are in Italy for the winter, have you heard?"

"Miss O'Brien, I never hear from any of the family now. Not that I complain of that in the least," added Mabel, proudly; "I chose for myself a path that naturally carries me further and further away from any chance of communication with people like the Charlewoods. And I wanted to say—I scarcely know whether you will understand me—but I wanted to tell you that, without anger or fault on either side, circumstances have sundered the course of my life from theirs completely. I wished you to know this clearly, because—because—you might, perhaps, suppose that you were showing kindness toward your friends at Bramley Manor in visiting me, and I should not like to accept your courtesy upon false pretenses."

So slight, so young, so tender as she looked, with the color fluttering in her face and a nervous tremor in the clear, sweet voice, and yet with such an indomitable spirit, so strong a resolution animating her girlish frame!

"My dear Miss Earnshaw!" cried Geraldine, impulsively taking her by the hand and kissing her forehead, "I came to see you to do a kindness to a person that I've a considerable regard for, and that's myself. Sure, why wouldn't we like each other on our own account? I never make friends by proxy, and I don't believe you do either!"

"Thanks," said Mabel, smiling; and the thought in her mind, as she looked at the winning face blooming out under the shadow of the riding-hat, was, "She is very sweet. It is quite natural he should love her."

"Now, I hope you'll let me come and see you again—may I?—and make Mrs. Saxelby's acquaintance. Signor Bensa told us you were expecting your mamma."

"I hope mamma will be here to-morrow or the next day, at latest."

"Well, good-by. I mustn't let my idleness steal any minutes from your industry. Oh, and I had nearly forgot to deliver my message! Godmamma—Lady Popham—sends you many kind compliments, and she hopes you will not fail to let her know when your benefit is coming off at the theatre, because she means to be present, and to give as many of her friends as she can muster the great pleasure of seeing you too."

"She is very good. I will let her know if such a thing comes off."

Mabel spoke more heartily than she had yet done. The frank recognition of her professional position was agreeable to her, and Miss O'Brien's manner was perfect; equally free from any attempt at patronage, and the still more offensive affectation of condescending familiarity.

"Oh, of course it will come off! You're making wonderful progress in public favor here, Miss Earnshaw. I could tell you heaps of fine things that I hear said about you, only I'm a little afraid of you, do you know?"

"Afraid of *me?*" Mabel looked up with such undisguised child-like wonder in her eyes that Geraldine burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh," she said, archly, "you needn't look so astonished, as if nobody ever was afraid of you before! You've just a quiet way of icing yourself at a minute's notice that is quite enough to terrify hot-headed Irish folks like me. I'm sorry you can't be at this famous concert to-night; but I know you'll be acting, Mr. Alfred Trescott told us so."

"Did he?"

"Yes: by-the-way, what has Lady Popham's protégé done to offend Mr. Clement Charlewood?"

Mabel felt the blood rush to her face.

"To offend Mr. Clement Charlewood?"

"Yes; I don't mean to tell tales out of school, but the other day, when Clement was at Cloncoolin, he spoke very severely of young Trescott to my lady. I think, if there's any misunderstanding between them, you might, perhaps, put it right with a word or two."

"*I* put it right! Oh, Miss O'Brien, it is out of the question. I don't even understand—"

The two girls were now at the street door, and the old groom, perceiving his mistress, cantered briskly up from the other end of the square.

"Well," said Geraldine, "perhaps I had better have held my tongue; but I hope, at least, I have done no mischief. Good-by, Miss Earnshaw. Pray don't remain one moment at the door."

Miss O'Brien sprang into her saddle and rode off, waving her hand to Mabel as she went. As soon as she had disappeared the latter ran into the parlor again, shut the door, and sat down at the table, leaning her head upon her hands. Clement had been to Cloncoolin! Been so near to her, and had made no sign. Was this the true, constant friendship he had promised? Why, too, did this girl speak to her of Alfred Trescott, and suggest the possibility of her—Mabel's—interference between young Trescott and Clement Charlewood? What did it all mean? She longed to sit still and solitary, and to think of it all, and to fix Geraldine O'Brien's words and looks in her memory; and to picture her with Clement; and—but some one tapped at the parlor-door, and Catty put her head in and begged Miss Mabel to go to "the misthress." And then Aunt Mary had a great many things to say about the week's business, and consultations about a dress for "Viola" were held, and there were two new parts to study, and, in short, the old necessity for sternly refusing to indulge private and personal feelings, in presence of the great duties of life and of art, showed itself to Mabel unmistakably under manifold aspects. She answered a few questions—which they all had too much delicacy to make importunate—put by her aunt and cousins about her recent visitor, and then set herself steadily to her work. The hill was getting steeper and steeper as she mounted, and there on the summit above her head bloomed the singing-tree, and talked the fairy-bird, and flowed the golden water. "If it were only for myself," said Mabel, "I *must* stop and look back, and listen to the voices. But mamma, and Dooley—little Dooley! The sweet, loving, fatherless little fellow!" And then the young head bent itself again resolutely to the task before it.

"I shall rest and look back by-and-by," she said. "By-and-by."

CHAPTER VI.

LADY POPHAM'S CONCERT.

The assemblage of persons who filled Lady Popham's drawing-room in Merrion Square on that same Tuesday evening on which Clement Charlewood was tramping homeward from Hazlehurst with a heavy heart, and drawing nearer and nearer to the angry flare on the night sky over Hammerham, was composed of members of the most brilliant and fashionable society then in Dublin. Silks rustled, jewels sparkled, delicate perfumes filled the air. There was a liberal sprinkling of bright uniforms among the audience, for Walter Charlewood had worked zealously among his brother-officers, in obedience to her ladyship's commands, feeling that such commands were very glorious to him, and conferred a high distinction. And Arthur Skidley was present, and had even whispered a vague hint of the possibility of the concert being honored by the presence of his excellency in person. To which my Lady Popham had replied briefly, "Tant mieux if he comes, for Alfred's sake. But the fact is, his excellency is no connoisseur. I wouldn't give any thing for his opinion, you know, Arthur. I used to know him years ago when he was quite a young fellow at Naples; and he never appreciated poor Pizzicati the least in the world."

Pizzicati had been one of Lady Popham's nu-

merous "geniuses," who was confidently expected to eclipse Rossini, but didn't.

The rooms filled up rapidly. The company was seated chiefly in the large drawing-room opposite to the widely-opened folding-doors, but there were a few seats arranged in the second apartment of the suit, around a clear space, in the centre of which stood a grand piano-forte, and where the performers were to be stationed. The third and smallest drawing-room was used as a retiring room for the artists. Within this third room now stood Signor Bensa and Alfred Trescott. The latter was dressed with scrupulous care and even elegance. Ugly and unbecoming as a modern gentleman's evening costume is usually considered, it must be owned that the plain black coat and white neck-cloth set off Alfred's clear olive-colored face to advantage; and no one could have seen the young man that evening without being struck by the remarkable beauty of his face, and the lithe, picturesque grace of his figure. In one corner of the room, seated in an easy-chair, was a very stout, florid lady, glistening with ornaments, and attired in very splendid garments, made in so outré and elaborate a manner as is rarely seen except in those highly-colored works of art that illustrate the fashion-books. This was Madame Olga Boschka, a concert-singer of recent fame from London, who had been engaged, at Lady Popham's expense, to give additional éclat to her protégé's début. Madame Boschka sang in almost all European languages, but spoke none of them except English fluently. Her nationality was for a long time doubtful; but at length it was announced on her own authority that Madame Olga Boschka was a native of Wallachia. One ill-natured critic, remarking on her singular pronunciation of the English language, averred that he had heard something very like it in Lancashire. But every body else overwhelmed him with indignant asseverations that Madame Boschka's accent was purely and unmistakably Wallachian. So perhaps it was. This magnificent lady was attended by a meagre little woman in shabby attire, whose position appeared to be undefined—bordering sometimes on the confidential lady's-maid's, and anon partaking of the poor relation's. Her chief office appeared to be to solicit Madame Olga Boschka to partake of refreshment, which solicitings, coming from so spare a creature to one so evidently well-fed and robust as the distinguished contralto, had rather a comic character. There were also present four gentlemen belonging to the "Calliopean Choristers," a celebrated metropolitan glee and madrigal society. But they kept apart, and indulged in considerable hilarity of a private and personal nature, consisting chiefly of explosive bursts of laughter at certain choice anecdotes relating to various professional persons distinguished by nicknames, which anecdotes might have been entertaining had one possessed the key to them; but, wanting that, were "caviare to the general."

The concert began with a glee by the jolly "Calliopeans," which was—as indeed was a great proportion of the music selected by that cheerful choir—of a sentimental, not to say lugubrious, character. And when the alto, a very fat, short man, declared in a thin, piping tone that "For Chloe" he was "dy-y-ying," the effect upon several young subalterns placed within range of Lady Popham's awful eye-glass was extremely trying. Then came a scena in Italian, executed by Madame Olga Boschka, in a mellifluous, smothered voice, that suggested a nightingale singing through a feather-bed. And then the hero of the evening, the bénéficiare, Mr. Alfred Trescott, appeared, fiddle in hand, long-haired, bright-eyed, pale, interesting, every thing that the most romantic could desire. After him trotted little Carlo Bensa, his quick eyes and ugly intelligent face taking in every particular of the appearance and manner of such of the audience as came within range of his vision; and glancing hither and thither, while his hands were busied with the arrangement of his music on the piano-forte, with the sort of melancholy and grave vivacity which I have seen characterize a trained monkey on a barrel-organ.

Alfred had chosen his first piece cunningly, if not with the soaring ambition of a classical musician. He had selected De Beriot's fifth "air varié," one of the most graceful compositions of a graceful composer, who thoroughly understood the instrument he wrote for. Alfred had understood his own strength and his own weakness in making the selection. The purity of tone, general certainty of intonation, and singular delicate pathos (which was so startlingly at variance with the coarse cynicism of his moral nature) that distinguished his playing, were all advantageously displayed, while no overwhelming demand was made upon his mechanical resources. Every thing concurred to encourage and animate him to excel; and he played with great effect, and produced a marked impression. Perhaps some portion of the praise and applause he received was due to the audience finding him much better than they had expected; for Lady Popham's eccentric pursuit of geniuses was pretty well known among her friends, and any announcement of a new protégé was apt to be received with cold incredulity of his merits.

Lady Popham was in ecstasies. She led the applause and the "bravos," and at the conclusion of the bénéficiare's first piece she went skipping about among the audience, and expatiating volubly upon the exquisite performance they had just listened to. In short, Alfred Trescott drank deep of the sweet intoxicating draught of public flattery that night. At the conclusion of the concert Lady Popham retained a select number of her most favored friends to supper; and when the main stream of company had found its way down stairs, and had departed with much shouting of amateur linkmen, and clapping to of carriage steps, and rumbling of wheels, the privileged guests were shown into the dining-room, brilliant with a profusion of lights, and gay with hot-house flowers, where a very substantial repast awaited them. Alfred Trescott was there, of course, and Carlo Bensa, of whose steady, unobtrusive services as accompanyist and conductor my lady made ample acknowledgment. An invitation to remain and sup had also been given to Madame Boschka, but that lady had excused herself on the ground that she had to start early the following morning on a professional tour through "Hireland" (that being, it seems, Wallachian for the Emerald Isle), and had majestically departed, wrapped in furs by the hands of her assiduous attendant. There remained, besides Alfred and Bensa, Mrs. Dawson, Geraldine O'Brien, a very deaf dowager with two pale daughters, Arthur Skidley, Walter Charlewood, two or three young officers whom he had pressed into the service, and the colonel commanding Walter's regiment. Colonel Rose was an old Indian officer, tall, dry, and brown, and had been especially invited to join what Lady Popham delighted to call her "artist's *petit souper*," on the strength of his playing the flute and being a great amateur of music. The supper progressed merrily. As the Champagne began to exhilarate the party, compliments more and more flattering, and predictions of future glory, flew about Alfred Trescott's delighted ears. He was to be the Paganini of the day; he was to charm the metropolis and amaze the country. In the middle of the feast a servant brought in a large mysterious packet and laid it before my lady. The brisk old woman rose up in her place, and calling on the company to charge their glasses, made a speech proposing the health of her young friend Alfred Trescott, whose genius had that evening entranced them all. The proceeding was a rather *prononcé* one, and one or two of the guests looked a little astonished at my lady's eloquence. But she had long ceased to regard any such astonishment, and, indeed, perhaps delighted to provoke it. The queer little body took a great pride in what she considered anti-English demonstrations of this kind, although in the important matters of life—such, for example, as a matrimonial alliance for any of her relatives—she would have displayed as insular a contempt for the foreigner as any blue-blooded Anglo-Norman of them all. Walter Charlewood, who was seated next to the deaf dowager, had the honor of repeating my lady's speech to her, word for word as it was spoken. He was beaming with pleasure; for the deaf dowager was an earl's widow, and Walter overheard her say to her neighbor on the other side—as it is possible she intended he should hear, for the wealth of Gandry and Charlewood was not unknown in that part of the world, and the two pale daughters had been out five seasons—that that young man, Skidley's friend, was exceedingly "good style." Then the mysterious packet was opened, and found to contain a very fine Guarnerius violin, which Lady Popham, with her own generous little hand, presented to Alfred Trescott. The enthusiasm was at its height when the door was opened hastily, and my lady's butler, a staid, responsible man, came behind Walter Charlewood's chair and whispered in his ear with a disturbed countenance.

"For me? Are you sure?" said Walter, rising and turning pale.

"Quite sure, Sir. Your servant sent him on here from the barracks."

Young Charlewood left the room, muttering some confused and unintelligible apology to his hostess, and Lady Popham turned anxiously to the butler, who still lingered in the room.

"What is it, Mitchell? Any thing the matter?"

"It's a telegraphic message from England, my lady. Coming so late, and all, I'm afraid there's bad news."

The sound of a heavy fall in the entrance-hall outside the dining-room made every one start to their feet and hurry to the door. Colonel Rose, prompt and cool, headed the party, and almost before they had seen what was the matter he had raised Walter Charlewood in his arms and laid him on a large settee that stood in the hall.

"He has fainted," said Colonel Rose. "Don't crowd round him. One of you boys loosen his neck-cloth while I hold up his head."

"Where's my maid? Get some *eau-de-Cologne!* Take him into my own room! Send somebody for a doctor!" screamed Lady Popham, excitedly. "Can't I do any thing for him?"

"Nothing at all but be quiet. You'd better go back to the dining-room, and take the other women with you," said Colonel Rose, unceremoniously. "He'll be all right in a few minutes."

Lady Popham obeyed immediately. "You're quite right, Colonel," she said, hurrying off. "We're doing no good here. Poor boy!" she added, when she and her female guests had returned to the dining-room. "He has had some terrible shock. What can it be?"

"His father is dying," said Mrs. Dawson, "and he is sent for to go home instantly. Here is the telegram."

Mrs. Dawson, with characteristic caution and coolness, had picked up the telegraphic dispatch from the ground where Walter had let it fall when he swooned. The message ran thus:

"From John Stephens, Hammerham, to Walter Charlewood, —th Regiment of Foot, Dublin. Your father not expected to recover. Great trouble. Come at once." And it was dated 10.50 P.M. that same evening.

"Poor boy, poor boy! How awfully sudden," said my lady, wiping the ready tears from her eyes.

Geraldine O'Brien had sunk into a chair, and sat silent, covering her face with her hands.

"It is a terrible shock for Malachi and Augusta on their wedding tour," observed Mrs. Dawson, in an aggrieved voice. "I hope and trust Mr. Charlewood had made all the testamentary arrangements that he explained to me his intention of doing."

Presently Colonel Rose returned, and the other men dropped in one by one, and stood awkwardly at the door.

"He will be better directly, Lady Popham," said the colonel. "Don't alarm yourself. It's lucky, as things have turned out, that I happened to be here, for Charlewood tells me that his father is dying, and he must start for home at once, and I can give him his leave without more ado. I'll take him with me in my carriage, and see that he's got ready to start by the first train. I hope he may find things better than he fears."

The colonel took his leave, and departed with Walter Charlewood, who sent in a message to Lady Popham expressing his farewell to her, and excuses for not seeing her again.

The deaf dowager made many inquiries of Arthur Skidley, as the latter attended her to her carriage.

"This young man is not the eldest son, then?" said the dowager.

"No; but he's his father's favorite, and old Charlewood is one of those iniquitously rich fellows who'll cut up handsomely enough for them all."

"And those sort of people can always leave their property as they like."

"Charlewood can leave his just as he likes."

"Poor young man! Tell him, Mr. Skidley, how distressed we were about him."

Alfred Trescott and Carlo Bensa walked part of the way toward their respective homes together, the former smoking a cigar, and carrying under one arm the Guarnerius, which he told Lady Popham, enthusiastically, should never quit his side.

"Deuced wet blanket that message coming just then, when every thing was going so well, wasn't it?" said Alfred.

"Very wet blanket for the poor young man, the soldier," returned his companion.

"Oh yes; but of course he'd have *had* to get it, any how. That couldn't be helped; whereas, without my having any concern in the matter, *I* came in for a share in the nuisance, don't you see?"

"I see. Oh yes, I see."

"Well, you ain't over and above enthusiastic, Bensa," resumed Alfred, after they had walked some yards in silence. "You haven't said a word about the concert or about my playing. One would fancy you weren't best pleased at my success!"

They had now arrived at a street lamp, the light from which fell full upon Alfred's face. The Italian stopped short and looked at him.

"I think you have great success," he said. "Very great success. To say the truth, I was thinking of what you call the wet blanket. I am sorry. My wife's cousin knows these people well. She will be grieved. But you have great success; very great success. Good-night. This is my way home. Oh yes, without doubt, great success." And Carlo Bensa walked rapidly away.

"Little sneak!" sneered Alfred, jerking away the end of his cigar, and stopping under the lamp-post to take out and light another. "Little sneak! He's jealous. So my friend, the hodman's father, is dropping off the hooks. Well, the hodman'll have all the bricks and mortar to himself now." Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him, and his handsome face darkened into a black frown. "Yes," he muttered, "I was a fool not to think of that before. The chances are he *won't* stick to it now he can do as he likes, but still—I'll see her to-morrow. Coming with all this fuss, and praise, and success fresh on me—and Bensa, whether he likes it or not, can't but say that I made a great hit—she'll acknowledge, at all events, that I'm in earnest, and disinterested, and all that."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE day has been sweltering. Perchance you have been bending over puzzling documents, or vexatious accounts, with a stoical determination not to be conquered by the weather; but no breeze has been vouchsafed, and the atmosphere is overpoweringly hot; in short, you feel "used up." You are, it may be, the junior partner, and while the head of the firm is recreating in the country you must keep up the establishment. Trying, isn't it, some of these hot days?

But another day's work is gone. Throw aside pen and paper, and turn your face Parkward. The cars are crowded; but never mind—there is an end in view—standing up for a while. Ah! here comes a whiff of fresh air, an earnest of what is in store. Enter the Park at the Sixth Avenue, and take that shady path. This *is* luxurious! Refreshing breezes, fragrant flowers, charming walks, and plenty of nice-looking people enjoying themselves amazingly. You immediately feel complaisant toward every body. A tidy nurse-maid, with a frisky boy in hand, accosts you: "And would you please to tell her the time?" Of course you would, but your watch has been boarding at "Ball & Black's" for the last fortnight. However, you make a shrewd guess, which is satisfactory, and pass on. What a pretty picture! A wee girl, in pure white, save the black velvet trimming of her broad-brimmed hat, carrying toward the Summer-House a silver cup of water! She is so little that she mounts the steps with difficulty, intent on her task. Evidently there is a party lunching in the Summer-House, and this tiny messenger has been to the pump.

Here is a shady seat, where you can quietly watch the incoming and outgoing throng. Those going toward the gates are almost invariably accompanied by from one to half a dozen weary children. Why can not children be allowed to take a slow and moderate walk in such weather, instead of being mercilessly dragged through the entire Park? "Don't give that child another drop, Susan!" screams nurse No. 1 as nurse No. 2 approaches the pump; "he will have the stomach-ache all night now!" But the child has clutched the mug and taken one eager swallow.

The over-weary ones are leaving; but here upon the Mall you watch the beauty and fashion coming in. You sit resting in quietude while a moving panorama passes on either side. Elegant carriages, splendid horses, and gayly-dressed people. *These* are evidently, from their exclamations of delight, strangers to our beautiful Park; *that* showy equipage, with its still more showy occupants, are here only to be seen and admired; notice that spirited Miss, who has usurped the driver's place, and, with dextrous hand, is guiding the horses; and those two youthful aspirants, not yet in their teens, sitting straight and prim as any fashion-bound lady, while the ebony coachman gravely attends their pleasure.

But suddenly you become conscious that you are dreaming vaguely, though restfully. You rouse yourself and wander into the Casino, and are refreshed vastly by an ice-cream. As you saunter toward the Lake the blood-red sun is sinking in the west; his fiery eye, piercing through the cloudless horizon, giving promise of another scorching day. But your blood is cooled, you feel new freshness and vigor and fear it not. The fountains are sending forth their dewy spray, the balmy breezes fan your cheek, a restful calm pervades every thing. Can *this* spot be akin to that hot and dusty "down-town" which has so vexed your spirit to-day? Oh! the blessings of an evening in the Central Park after an oppressive and weary day.

It is fast becoming the "height of the season" so far as mosquitoes are concerned. An exchange speaks affectionately of these "household pets" in the following strain: "They are the almost constant companions of man in town and country during the holiday season of the summer. No home without the mosquito. What affection! How they stick to us, closer than brothers! They often come a great way—hundreds of miles—to be with us. Most of those which greet us in this city have left their distant homes in Jersey, and have made the perilous journey across a wide river."

The newspapers continue to record frequent accidents from the use of kerosene oil. So common have these become that it would seem to be only a proper and needful precaution for those who burn kerosene in their houses to give special directions in regard to the use and care of it to children, servants, and all members of the household. A shocking accident recently occurred in Prairie City, Illinois, which resulted in the death of a little girl eleven years old. She attempted, during the absence of her mother, to build a fire to prepare tea with. To make the fire burn better she poured some kerosene upon it, when the fluid took fire, the can burst, saturating her clothing, and she was enveloped in flames instantly. When the neighbors, hearing her cries, ran to the house, the poor child's flesh was in a perfect crisp. A few days ago a young lady in Pelham attempted to extinguish a kerosene-oil lamp by blowing down the chimney. The gas ignited and exploded the lamp, scattering the burning oil on her clothing. She was terribly burned. Still more recently a woman in Jersey City was lighting a kerosene lamp, when the fluid became ignited, the lamp exploded, and the burning contents were scattered over and set fire to her clothing, burning her in a frightful manner.

From the vital statistics of last week it appears that the total number of deaths in this city was far below the average of previous years at a corresponding time of year. But it is sad to notice how large a proportion of the deaths are little children. They suffer greatly from impure air and improper diet. Out of the 640 deaths which occurred in New York last week not less than 413 were children under five years; and 289 were infants less than a year old.

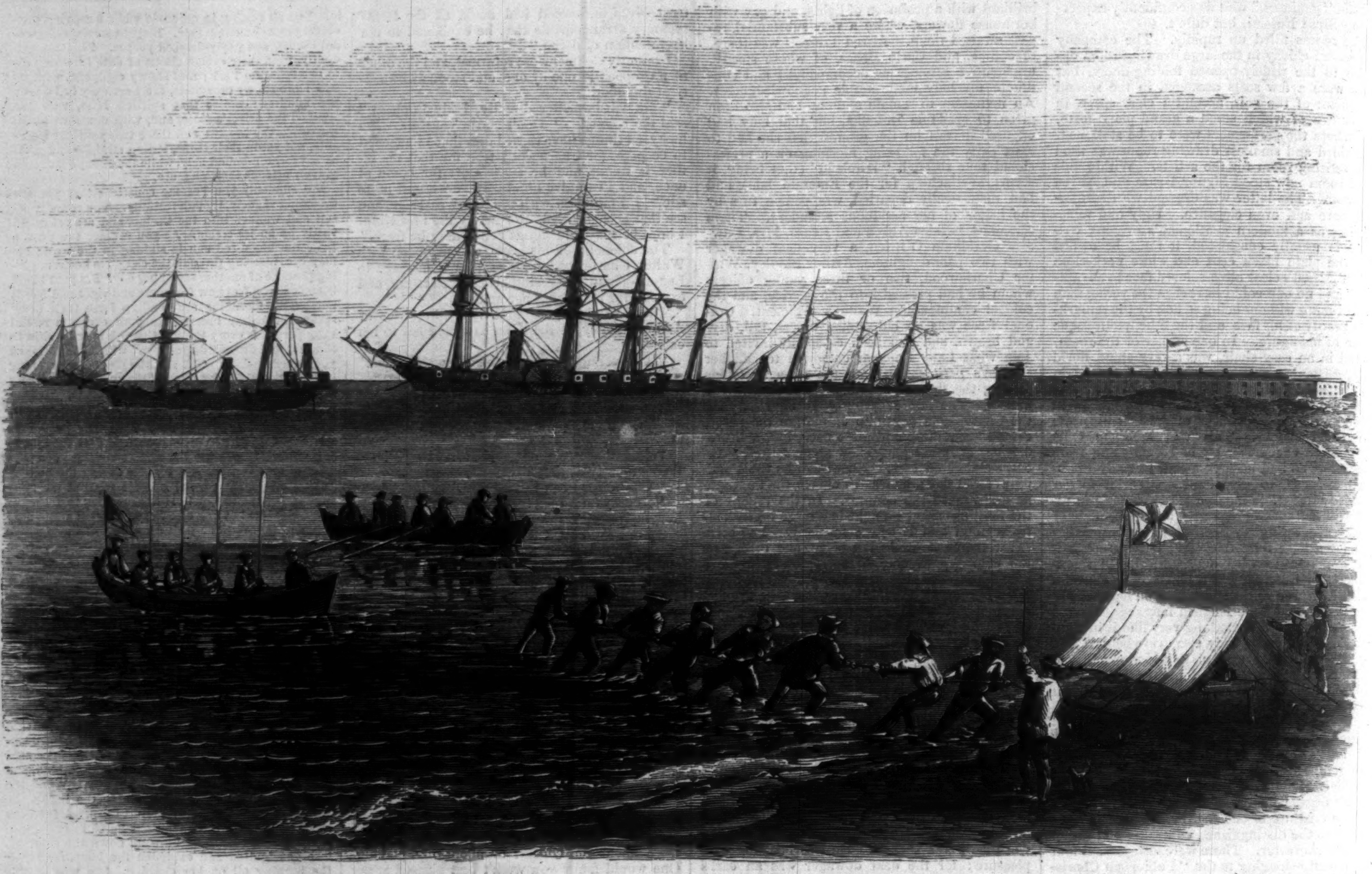
An English magazine, which is chiefly devoted to explanations of fashions and fancy work for ladies, says that tight-lacing is a fashion quite gone out in Paris; it is now a recognized fact that tight-lacing not only injures the health but quite takes off all grace from the figure. An easy corset, allowing of perfect freedom in all movements, while supporting the figure as it should, is now preferred by our most elegant Parisians to any other. To have a *graceful* figure is the object, rather than to have a very slender one, and no person who laces tightly can possibly look really graceful; she will be constrained in all her movements, and her figure will be stiff and straight instead of pliable and elegant.

The "freaks of lightning" are proverbial. One of the strangest recently occurred in this city. A young lady, after an evening party, while waiting for her carriage, removed her rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, and put them into a jewel box. A violent thunder-shower was in progress at the time; and while the young lady was arranging the jewels in the open case, and chatting with her friends, a blinding flash of lightning put an end to conversation, and half deprived the party of consciousness. The lady first recovered her self-possession, and discovered that her jewel case had dropped to the floor, and all the ornaments were gone! The most persistent search was fruitless; every person present insisted on being personally examined, but in vain. No trace of the lost jewels could be found; and the only explanation that could be offered was that they were instantaneously consumed by the electrical combustion in the atmosphere, acting upon them by some chemical affinity not yet familiar to us. Such is the strange story; and the strange explanation is based upon some similar instances which are on record.

Another curious freak the lightning played in the town of Berne, New York. The electric fluid struck an apple-tree against which a young man was leaning. It split the tree from top to bottom, making a gap sufficiently large to let him slip in about a foot, immediately after which it sprang to, and held him as tight as if he had been in a steel trap. Before he could be extricated a resort to axes and crow-bars became necessary.

A short time ago as a young man in a telegraph office of a certain city in Ireland was transmitting some messages the lightning struck from his hand an open penknife. The knife having struck against the wall of the office rebounded and struck him on the back of the wrist, which immediately became very much swollen.

The Emperor of the French has had erected in the Avenue Daumesnil forty-eight houses, as specimens of dwellings for small families, the plan of which may be seen in the Exhibition. Each house contains three stories and cellars, and each floor is composed of two rooms and a small kitchen. The buildings themselves cost altogether 320,000 francs, or somewhat over 6000 francs each; but, on adding the purchase of the ground and the expenses of leveling, the whole sum spent has been 510,000 francs. The Emperor has just made a gift of the whole to a co-operative society of workingmen which is in course of formation for constructing cheap dwellings.



THE CUBAN CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE END AT SOUTH BEACH, NEAR FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.—[SKETCHED BY DR. J. B. HOLDER, U.S.A.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

THE FORMOSA PIRATES.

IN order to avenge the murder of a number of shipwrecked seamen of the bark *Rover* by the savage Malays of Formosa, Admiral BELL, on June 13, made a descent on that island with a force of 181 men and officers. They advanced a mile into the interior, encountering a few savages, who continually ambushed them in true Indian fashion. After penetrating a mile into the jungle, losing Lieutenant-Commander MACKENZIE killed, and a dozen or fifteen men prostrated by sun-stroke, killing none of the savages, and failing to destroy their huts, the troops returned on shipboard and abandoned the expedition. Rear-Admiral BELL concludes his report with the recommendation that the Chinese authorities be required to occupy the island with a settlement of their own; and this is to be effected, he says, through our Minister at PEKIN.

ATTACK OF UNITED STATES MARINES AND SAILORS ON THE PIRATES OF THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, EAST INDIES.

THE HUSBAND SHOW.

IMAGINATION AND MATTER O' FACT.

Affectionate Mother. "Only fancy poor Charles! Chained to his Desk in the City this Lovely Weather!"

Poor Charles. "Hand over the Rye, Bob, and give us a Light!"

POSITIVELY THE LAST OF THE LONG SKIRTS THIS SEASON.

Hostess. "Oh, how Tiresome! Somebody must be Standing on my Dress! *Would* you just run Down Stairs and see who it is, Mr. Brown?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HUSBAND SHOW.

This is the century of exhibitions. We have had flower shows, horse shows, donkey shows, poultry shows, and baby shows. These are good in their way, but they are pervaded by one dominant defect: Man has been left unrepresented.

Married man, in particular, has been relegated to an ignoble obscurity, as if there was something degrading in the possibility of buttonless shirts. *Hélas!*

Woman, his natural guardian, declares that this shall not be.

It is, therefore, proposed to hold, on or about the autumnal equinox, on the classic site of the Great Globe, within view of the two tea-caddies and the one mustard-pot of the National Gallery, an Exhibition of Married Men, open to all comers.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, assisted by a committee of ladies, will judge the samples and distribute the following prizes:

1. To the husband who did not regret, on the evening of his wedding-day, that he had the misfortune to wake that morning—two tea-spoons and an ornamented boot-jack.
2. To the husband who, knowing his proper relations to society, never ventured to hint at the existence of a latch-key—A patent door-scraper.
3. To the husband who obligingly falls asleep at the theatre while his wife is absorbed in the masterly critiques of her military cousin—Two ounces of best Scotch snuff.
4. To the husband who, remaining at home to cook the joint on a rainy Sunday, still manages to present his wife with her umbrella at the church door—A pair of paragon pattens.
5. To the husband who never ventures to open his letters until his wife has first ascertained that they are fit for his perusal—A tooth-pick and a copy of the *Ledger*.
6. To the husband who feels honored in being esteemed a brute, and orders a bonnet in token of his gratitude—Three cheers from all assembled.
7. To the husband who affects to prefer each morning the supplement to the news sheet of the *Herald*—A port-folio of foolscap.
8. To the husband who calls his mother-in-law "My love!" and persists in prescribing gin-and-water as the legitimate remedy for sun-browning—A pint-bottle of precipitate of orange-peel and pump water.
9. To the husband whose fear of dying is solely from the apprehension that his widow may not survive him—Five leaves of stout elm, and twenty-score of carpet-tacks.
10, and last. To all husbands who subscribe cheerfully toward defraying the expenses of the Exhibition—A kiss from a matron, selected by her fellow-judges for her grave demeanor and length of years.

As it is expected that the application for show-room will more than exhaust the space at the disposal of the managing committee, it is earnestly requested that places be secured without delay. Husbands, in all cases, to be under the protection of their wives; and any evidence of fretfulness on their parts to be punished as the committee shall deem fit.

Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of an English lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good. "Yes," growled the great moralist, "it is very good for hogs." "Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.

The last "Rows" of Summer—The final Regatta of the Season.

A laundress, who was employed in the family of a distinguished United States Senator, said to him, with a sigh, "Only think, Sir, how little money would make me happy!" "How little, Madam?" said the old gentleman. "Oh, dear Sir, $100 would make me perfectly happy." "If that is all you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her. She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the old gentleman went out of hearing, exclaimed, "I wish I had said $200."

SLEEPS.

Above his fellows is he blest
Who wins by working welcome rest,
When life's accomplished labor bids
Sweet sleep descend on weary lids!

What comfort, too, 'mid wants and woes
To snatch a moment of repose—
In slumber's arms to find relief
From fading joy and growing grief!

And, ah, when sickness racks the brain,
How sweet is slumber after pain,
What strength renewed such slumber brings,
That comes with healing on its wings!

Nay, passing sweet in autumn weather,
After a day-long tramp through heather,
Tired limbs upon a couch to drop,
And fall asleep like any top.

Ah, sweet is this—and sweet are those
Fore-mentioned manners of repose,
But sweeter far, as I'm a sinner,
Are forty winks just after dinner!

There are a great many laughable things upon the old earth, but she always keeps her gravity.

Wanted.—To know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

A coquette is fond of fancy for a moment—faithless for a year—fickle forever—a painted doll—a glittering trifle—a feather—a toy—a bubble—a transitory pleasure—an eternal pain—an embodiment of absurdities—and a collection of contradictions.

In Luxemburg a favorite amusement of the inhabitants is cat-races. Each worthy burgher takes his cat in a bag two miles from town; at a given signal they all shake their bags, the cats leap out, scared to death, and run home as fast as they can go. The first cat that reaches the town gates is the winner.

There is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New; the next child was Nothing; it being Nothing New. And on being asked, "Why was the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?" he answered the question thus: "Because it has a stern duty to perform."

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoat.

A country editor describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her face."

A young lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which he made the following ingenious and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days may be doubled."

Musical breast-pins in Paris produce Opera airs under the wearer's chin.

What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news?—Waits for details, of course.

THE CUBAN SUBMARINE CABLE.

The ocean or rather Gulf cable from Key West to Havana was completed on August 18, and the first dispatches which were transmitted over it (on August 25) are as follow:

The Mayor of Key West to the Captain-General of Cuba:

As our facilities of intercourse so may our mutual interests and prosperity increase.

The Captain-General of Cuba to the Mayor of Key West:

I congratulate you upon the success of the enterprise which is destined to facilitate the most rapid communication, and I trust contribute greatly to the development of our mutual interest and prosperity.

The work of laying the cable was attended with much difficulty and one mishap. The steamer *Narva*, with the cable on board, and the attendant vessels, appeared off Key West on August 2, and on August 3 the shore end was landed at South Beach, near Fort Taylor, as shown in the sketch which we give on page 572. On the same day twenty miles of the cable were payed out, when it was cut and buoyed. The *Narva* then returned to Havana, where she arrived on August 8, and during the same day landed the cable at the hamlet of Chorrera. At five A.M. on August 6 she commenced paying out the cable, and having steered too far to the east all of the Gulf line was exhausted, and nineteen miles of the Punta Rassa cable was used to complete the connection. Precisely twenty-four hours after leaving Chorrera the *Narva* arrived at the buoy off Key West, when preparations were at once made to splice the ends. The *Narva* accordingly moved slowly for the purpose of drawing in the "slack," when the cable parted about half a mile distant from the stern of the steamer. Several days were spent in attempts at grappling for the lost end, but without success, and the work was temporarily suspended in consequence of severe weather. Finally, on the 18th instant, the end was found, the splice effected, and the line completed.

THE PAINTED PEACHES.

The peaches in their basket
  May o'er the canvas fall,
But it only mocks the summer
  To hang it on the wall.

I sit and think of sunshine
  In golden days of old,
When under cooling shadows
  Such luscious beauties rolled.

I think of merry faces
  That sought the shade with me;
They are not in the picture,
  And I think they ought to be.

Again I taste their richness;
  Again my memory sips
The fruit that broke so sweetly
  Upon my eager lips.

Perhaps it was the peaches;
  It may be that was all,
But need my memory mock me
  By hanging it on the wall?

SIBLEY BROTHERS.

There was a time when Sibley Brothers meant two little white heads who were always overturning work-boxes, crying for candy, and catching colds. That was past long and long ago, however, and "Sibley Brothers" means now a granite front, plate-glass windows, and gilt letters, each a yard long.

But my story begins half a lifetime back, when there was a Pa and a Ma Sibley, and when the Sibley Brothers were good for absolutely nothing but to keep milk from souring.

Ma Sibley, as it happened, was a nervous piece, while Pa Sibley, as it happened, had "not a nerve in his body," so he said, which made it the harder for poor Ma, who therefore had all the family worrying to do.

On a midsummer day long since, "added to the mass of buried ages," Ma Sibley sat by her open window doing the family mending as well as the family worrying. At that particular moment, it would seem to the ignorant eye, there was very little of the last to be done; for the young Sibleys were toddling about on the green before the window, stout and sturdy; eye-teeth all cut, well over the measles and whooping-cough, and in no particular pet for the moon just then. But that shows how little you know, my dear. Let alone a nervous mother for finding need of an umbrella under the clearest sky.

"Sara!" cried Mrs. Sibley, suddenly, with her needle suspended like Mohammed's coffin. "What is that child putting in his mouth? Run *quick!*"

The little nurse dropped the frogs she was making out of house-leeks for the amusement of one Sibley brother and ran after the other in frantic haste, her long braids of canary-colored hair sticking out stiff and straight like the legs of a flying stork. But the child, looking over his shoulder, started to run away with a mischievous giggle. Consequence was, he fell and knocked out a sharp white tooth which had lately cut its way into the world with no end of pain and worry; first biting his tongue through with it. Then there was a pretty pot-pourri for you of blood and tears and screams and fright.

"Oh, my child! He is killed!" cried the distracted mother; although any one *but* a distracted mother would have perceived at once by the strong crying there was a good deal of life left yet in the vigorous little body. "Which is it? Is it Timmy, dear, or Tity? Speak, darling, and tell mamma," continued Mrs. Sibley, imploringly, as though that made the least difference in the world.

But she put so much pathos in the question, and rung the changes on it so persistently and pathetically that I finally pushed my glasses up on my forehead and, calling the Sibley brother to me, who had not bit his tongue and lost his tooth, but stood looking on in wonder and curiosity, I asked him his name.

"Timmy Tity Tibley," he replied, positively.

"Well, then, who do you love?" I asked.

"Aunty Shaw," he answered, promptly.

"*This* is Titus," said I.

"Is that Titus? Oh, then, this is *Timmy!*" cried out Mrs. Sibley, with a fresh burst, as though that made it a great deal worse.

At this tender age the Sibley Brothers looked more alike than two potato blossoms; but at one period in his young days, while Timothy was suffering from a threatened attack of typhoid fever (or his mother fancied so, which was just the same for the time) Titus was sent to board for a while with old nurse Shaw, in another part of the town; and his affection for her fixed his identity ever after better than a dozen strings of coral.

This being thus established, the little Timothy was sighed over and cried over as though he had lost a head instead of a tooth. Mrs. Sibley kept the poor unfortunate tooth in her pocket, wrapped in a bit of tissue-paper, showed it to every body, and cried every time she looked at it as if it had been an onion. But that was nothing to the tears she shed and the lamentations she made over the wounded tongue.

"Mark my words, Aunt Dane! He will carry that scar to the longest day he lives," said she, solemnly.

"It is a good thing it is in his mouth then, all out of sight, where it will be no disfigurement to him," I suggested, in my blunt way, from under my cap-border.

"Aunt Dane! How can you be so unfeeling, even if you never *have* been a mother? Have you considered it *may* affect Timmy's speech?" replied Mrs. Sibley, reproachfully. Mrs. Sibley never allowed her clouds to be turned for her; and so, without a presentiment there might be a lining to this one, she went on lamenting the misfortune to the day of her death, which was long before there was a possibility of knowing whether this sand-heap held any gold dust or not; for Pa and Ma Sibley lived in "the graveyard of America (if you do not know where this is, it shows you do not live in the State where I live). So cholera came, and Pa and Ma went.

Then the Sibley Brothers were taken by a distant kinsman to live on a prairie farm out of sight of even a neighbor's dog—which solitary life Titus took kindly to at once, and Timothy hated with all his might, mind, and strength.

"It is just plowing and planting and digging right over and over and over and over, with milking and chopping thrown in for diversion. I tell you I hate it, Tite: I can't stand it, and I *won't!* Now *that's* so; and I tell you what it is, I am going to quit it," said Timothy, a dozen times a day, till Titus minded it no more than he did the perpetual trill of the tree-toads in dog-day weather.

So he was taken as entirely by surprise as though he had never heard a word of it when Timothy really did leave one morning instead of coming back with the corn and potatoes he was sent after for dinner.

He left without a good-by, and went out alone into the world; the sunny, busy, generous world; the selfish, desolate, cold world; whichever he found it, it was all the same, he was swallowed up and lost in it for ever and for evermore.

Until at last Titus Sibley hardly remembered he ever had a brother, or, at most, thought of him as though he had died long before in his early boyhood. But he remembered to buy and sell and get gain, to fall in love like other boys, and marry in due season like other men; and so time buzzed itself away till a flourishing city had sprung up on the prairie about him, and the white hairs were decidedly in the majority on his head.

At last his blue-eyed daughter Blanche took the pretty notion of coming to her sixteenth birthday, and Mr. Sibley, being at New Orleans on business, went into a jewelry-store to buy a present for her.

"Will you warrant this not to be paste?" said he, holding up something which pretended to be a cluster of diamonds.

"Oh yes, that is genuine; no doubt about *that*," replied the lapidary.

There happened at the moment to be standing by the counter a man whom Mr. Sibley had seen at his hotel table, and talked with in a chance way over their coffee.

So Mr. Sibley handed him the ring, saying, "Are you a judge of stones, Sir?"

"I can judge with my tongue more accurately than with my eye. A stone, as perhaps you know, is cold to the touch, tested in this way," replied the man, taking the ring, and touching it with his tongue.

When, as heat brings out some sorts of ink, invisible before, there flashed into the memory of Mr. Titus Sibley a sudden and dim picture of frightened faces, a shaded yard, and a screaming child. For, as sure as you live, upon the stranger's tongue was the scar of the very bite which called forth the first of my story.

"Is your name Timothy Sibley?" asked Titus, abruptly.

"My name is Timothy Sibley," replied the other, with a polite stare.

"So I thought from the testimony of your tongue. I remember the fuss they made over you when you bit it, and how Aunt Dane sat there in her damask petticoat and short gown looking through her round-eyed spectacles, and saying, 'Faugh! That is nothing to the way I bit my tongue when I was a girl!' Don't you know she always had had every thing any body had, only a great deal worse?"

Timothy laughed. "Oh, Titus! Is it? Yes, I remember Aunt Dane and her spectacles, and her great, green velvet bag with coriander sugar-plums in it and a bead house on each side."

The brothers were matter-of-fact, cool-headed men of business, and there was no exchange of sentiment and romantic feeling at this late meeting. Each had gone his way till they looked no more alike now than two potatoes. One wore a full beard and the other wore no beard at all. One parted his hair behind, and the other dressed his like a porcupine's back. One wore a heavy gold chain and the finest velvet and broadcloth which money could be made to buy, and the other stood in a full suit of pepper-and-salt which oughtn't to be worth—the whole outfit of the man—over ten dollars before the war; that is, if you counted out his watch, and maybe his hat. One had the development of a milkweed-pod, and the other of a milkweed-stalk. Besides, the trails that time and experience had left on their faces were as unlike as the prints of snow-shoes and sandals; so now there was no need to find out which loved Aunty Shaw to know one from the other.

"What business are you in?" asked Titus, in the course of their morning's talk.

"I have been in flour pretty largely," replied Timothy; "but I sold out last month, and am looking around now to see what looks best. What are you doing?"

"I am in just your predicament, but I have my mind on crockery. There is a grand opening for a wholesale trade in this line in our place, and I am thinking pretty seriously of taking hold of it if I can get a partner who suits," said Titus.

So Timothy went home with his brother to the city which had sprung out of the prairie like Jonah's gourd, and, liking the situation much better than he did when he went on that endless journey after the corn and potatoes for dinner, the conclusion of the whole matter is the granite front, plate-glass windows, and gilt letters each a yard long.

And there they live to this very hour, side by side in square brick houses, with conservatories on the sunny sides, as nearly alike as their faces used to be; and the last time I was that way I saw young Timothy Sibley making eyes at his fair cousin Blanche, which I suppose promised no worse than a repetition of the romance of Isaac and Rebekah.

Now if it had not been for that lucky fall on a summer's day forty years before the brothers might have gone on strangers to the end of their lives, let alone the brother's son and the brother's daughter. Thus, you see—don't you?—we do not always know beforehand what germs lie in a seed?

A FAIRY TALE FOR ALL AGES.

Little Denis had lived all his life among stern, gloomy people, in an ugly town. He was a high-spirited boy, fond of fun and noisy games; but for these he had little opportunity. He was taught by a grave, strict schoolmaster, who did not like children, and he was expected to make no noise even in play-time. He was a beauty-loving boy, too, who cared for sunlight, bright colors, and pretty faces; but he lived in a smoky, dull street, in a dark house, with old and shabby furniture; while for companions he had his guardian, a tall, hard man, with features that looked as if they had been cut out of wood, and an old woman, with a face just like a witch, and a very sharp, scolding tongue. Therefore Denis was not very happy, and he was always getting into scrapes. He had slid down the balusters and scratched the last inch of paint off the bottom stair; or he had made an enchanted castle of the clothes-horse, and rumpled all the sheets that were drying before the fire; or he had filled the sugar-basin with mould, and was trying to use it as a flower-pot, and grow a geranium in it. Very mischievous things perhaps to do, but he had so little to amuse him! Then he was punished more than he quite deserved, and that put him in a passion, and so he got the character of a very bad boy indeed.

Now, one day his guardian came and told him that he was to go away into the country, and stay with some friends there. Denis was glad, for he thought any change would be pleasant, but he did not know how delightful he should find the country till he really got there. It was evening when he arrived, so that he could not see what the outside of his new home was like, but, when the door was opened, kind people came to meet him, and drew him into a pleasant, cheerful room, and welcomed him as if he was a boy of their own. With them there was a little girl, with bright eyes that laughed and danced, and a color that came and went, and came again continually, when any thing pleased or excited her.

"I am glad you are come," she said; "I think I shall like you."

"I know I shall like you," Denis said, very decidedly. "You are pretty, and your eyes shine."

"I am glad of that," she said; "I think it must be because I am so happy." And perhaps it was.

Then she told him her name was Ellie; and she asked him what his name was, and where he had lived all his life. When he had told her all about it, she said:

"I am sorry for you; I think you must have been very unhappy. But you will forget all that now. To-morrow I will take you into Fairy Land, and we will be so happy."

"Into Fairy Land!" said Denis, and he opened his eyes quite wide with astonishment.

"Yes," said Ellie, "I go every day. You don't know how delightful it is. Only wait till to-morrow!"

Then Denis went to bed, and dreamed about Fairy Land.

In the morning Ellie opened the glass door of the drawing-room, and they went out together. Just before them was a broad turf walk, with trees on either side; the branches arched, and met overhead, and made cool shadows on the grass, and the sunshine lay between them, still and hot. Ellie took Denis's hand, and led him down, and at the end was Fairy Land. Denis did not know that it was Fairy Land at first, but he thought that it was wonderfully beautiful. "I never saw any thing like this," he said.

It was a glorious garden. There were no cankers in the roses; there was no blight on the apple-trees; there was not such a thing as a plum too sour to be nice, or a peach that tasted woolly: all the fruit was delicious, all the flowers were lovely. It was never too hot or too cold; the fairies kept the air just right for children; the turf was never too damp to play upon, and yet never burned up; and you can not imagine such beautiful colors as the fairies had put upon all the wet stones in the stream.

"Come," said Ellie, "I will show you all about the fairies."

She showed him the dandelion fairy clocks, and the way the little fairies whisked off the down with their wings to mark the time. Then they looked at the fairy spears in the rushes, and the magic butter-cups, that tell whether children are fond of butter by throwing yellow shadows on the chin when they are held underneath it. Next Ellie showed the rings where the fairy dance had gone on the night before; she found the big daisy on which the queen had sat, and all the mushrooms which she had made spring up for tents. "We may eat these," Ellie said; "The queen will make more for to-night; she never has the same tents twice."

Then they discovered the folded iris, in which one little fairy had gone to sleep during the heat of the day, but they would not look in, for fear of disturbing her, so they went and drank honey out of the fairy bottles in the clover.

Day by day the children came and played in Fairy Land. The fairies loved them very much, and each day they made the garden more beautiful for them. When they were tired of running about and seeing all the lovely things around them they would lie down on the grass and put their heads close together till the brown hair mixed, and you could scarcely tell where Denis's crisp curls ended and Ellie's wavy locks began. Lying thus with their eyes shut they could hear the fairy whispers all round them, and the rustle of elfin wings as they flew past; and so life passed happily and quickly as a long summer's day.

But after some months Denis was obliged to go back to the cold work-a-day world again. The children parted with many tears, as if it was forever, and indeed it was long years before they met again. Denis went to school, and worked hard, and gained prizes, and had many proud, happy moments, but saw no Fairy Land. He grew up, and then he lived a busy, harassed life, for he had his own way to make in the world. Sometimes he was successful, and rejoiced; sometimes he had great troubles, and fretted and chafed under them. But he never had time to think of any thing but the business of the moment; and as for the fairies and Fairy Land, he had come to disbelieve in them altogether. He had forgotten his childish experience of such things. Still he remembered sometimes his old kind friends and little Ellie, and was very glad when he was at last able to go back for a visit to his country home. The place seemed unchanged, he thought, as he approached, except that the house looked smaller than it used to look, and the drive up to it less wide. The rooms were the same, yet different. The furniture had not been changed, but stood each thing in its old place; but the great china vase of *pot-pourri* had lost the wonderful air of mystery there used to be about it, which made it seem as if all sorts of things might be hidden at the bottom of it. The picture, too, of the smiling lady in a riding-habit looped up, and a hat with a long drooping feather, no longer seemed so beautiful, or put such strange fancies into Denis's head as to her history, and whom she was going to ride with. She used to be, by turns, an enchanted princess; an ardent follower of Prince Charles Edward, just going to warn him against his enemies; a haughty lady, who had bid her lover achieve some wonderful deed before he dared appear again before her, and who was going out hawking in the mean while. Now she was merely a fantastic woman with a smirk. Denis's old friends, however, had not altered much, and they scarcely appeared to him older than when he was a boy. They welcomed him gladly, and then he looked round for Ellie, wondering what she would have become now she was grown up.

She was very pretty indeed. Her wavy hair was fastened up in coils round and round her head, and she walked now sometimes instead of running; but her step was as light as ever, and her eyes were as bright, and they still shone "because she was so happy." It was easy to see that she knew a great deal about the fairies, just as she used to do. As she looked at Denis, by his grave, sad face, she guessed that he did not remember them. This time she did not say to him, "I will show you the fairies." But when they went out of doors somehow or other their steps turned naturally down the turf-walk, where the changing sun and shade lay as they used to lie ten years ago. As they went they talked of all that had happened since they were last together. Denis told of his difficult struggling life—Ellie of her quiet, happy one. All the sadness melted away from Denis's heart, and he felt as glad and gay as when he was a boy.

"This must be enchanted ground," he said. Ellie smiled, and when he look round him, behold! he was in Fairy Land; but a Fairy Land ten times more beautiful than that of his boyhood. The garden was full of life, and of lov-

ing life; the trees twined their branches caressingly together; the roses bent to one another as the wind kissed their leaves; the heliotrope sent up its fragrance as a tribute of love to the sun. There was a fairy light over every thing that lent new beauty even to the lily, and made each dew-drop a magic prism filled with the colors of the rainbow. There was a fairy murmuring music all around, sweeter than any thing human. Fairy laughter sounded in the ripple of the stream, and fairy whispers of hope and joy floated in the air. In the midst stood Ellie, looking in that wonderful light more beautiful than a mortal.

"Marry me, Ellie," said Denis, "that I may always be with you and in Fairy Land."

So Denis and Ellie were married, for people always marry in Fairy Land, and for some time they lived in the enchanted garden. But people can not stay on that ground forever, though they wish it never so earnestly. By-and-by Denis went back to the world, and this time Ellie went with him. The world was cold and hard, often full of difficulties for Denis, often full of annoyances for Ellie. All day long he worked at his business, and because just then he had many anxieties he often could not help carrying the thoughts of them home to his fireside. While she, unused to household cares, grew worried by them. Then, too, friends and acquaintances took up the time in which they might have been together. They got caught into a busy whirl of life that carried away all the girl's sweet tranquillity. The sunny smile faded from her lips, and the brightness from her eyes, and Denis looked graver and sterner than he had ever done. Not that they were exactly unhappy; they had many pleasures, and they were fond of each other, but the wonderful joy they had known in the magic garden seemed so strange and different from their present life that not only Denis, but Ellie also, began to think that it could not have been real, and to believe that they had only fancied those beautiful things which they dimly remembered.

They had one child, a boy called Norman, and they loved him dearly. *He* lived in a magic world of his own, but he could not take his mother there. And Ellie smiled and sighed together when she saw him poring over marvelous adventures and tales of giants and enchanters, or finding for himself wonderful beauties, and difficulties, and dangers, all in one narrow strip of garden and tiny brook. She smiled, because she was glad that her boy had the same dreams that gladdened her childhood; she sighed, because she thought they were only dreams that could never return.

By-and-by there came troubles to the house—troubles great and small. First, money troubles—things which make Fairy Land seem very far away, and which brought still harder work for Denis, still more worries for Ellie. Then came sickness; the boy was ill, and his parents feared for his life, while Ellie also was ailing. Oh, what a dull, sad, wearying time was that! Their hearts sank within them, and all their life looked gloomy. Now it seemed to them very strange that they had not been more happy before real grief tell upon them. "Ah!" thought Denis; "if my boy and my wife are but once well again all will be bright, and I shall care for nothing else." And Ellie said to herself, "If my child were but strong, and I could again be a companion to Denis, I would grieve no more for my vanished Fairy Land."

For the two had grown dearer to each other in their anxiety, and they thought they had never really known how they loved till now.

At last the brighter time came. The boy recovered; once more his merry laugh was heard, the more joyful for the delight of returning strength after having known weakness. Ellie grew better too, and then came very happy days, such as Denis had hoped for in his sorrow. There were days when the three were much together, for now Denis would not allow work or any other claim to steal all the hours from the time that he loved at home; and Ellie, neither for cares nor for fatigue, would give up her sympathy and interest in all that interested him.

One summer evening she lay resting, while Denis was beside her, and the boy sat at her feet. Suddenly the child looked up with clear, big eyes, and said, "Mamma, here is such a beautiful story all about fairies, and a man who went into their country. *You* never went there, papa?"

Then Denis and Ellie looked at one another, and the same light came into both their faces, and a smile on their lips; both saw the same thing, and had the same thought in their hearts. For, though they could never tell exactly how or when it happened, Fairy Land had come to them. Yes, and a Fairy Land just as beautiful as that in the garden of their childhood and youth. Outside, upon the narrow strip of green sward, the evening shadows lay more still and calm than the changing sun and shade of the old avenue, but not less lovely. Through the large branches of the grand old elm without a fairy light streamed into the room that gave the well-worn covers of the household books an untold beauty, and lent to the words within a magic power. It made the picture on the wall, of a corn-field bathed in sunset light, show forth, through the glory of its golden sky, every lovely home-scene on which it had looked down. Through the open window the cooing of the household doves floated in upon a fairy-song of calm content, and the father and mother saw, through the sun's long, low rays, a fairy coronet of light upon the head of their boy.

From that day Fairy Land never left them. It staid with them till old age, when their children's children climbed upon their knees to hear the story of grandmamma's fairy garden, and found their own magic land, where all was goodness and peace, in that calm presence.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PECULIAR EXCELLENCE

Of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and the invariable benefit derived from their use, is due not only to the highly important fact that the remedy is offered as the discovery of a man of science and large medical experience, by whose critical observations diseases of the liver were properly located, and their remedies suggested; not alone to this, but also to the equally important fact that only the purest ingredients enter into their composition in due and just proportions. Not more carefully are the minute details of business transacted in the bank of England than are the every-day affairs of the extensive laboratory conducted where they are manufactured. To begin: no expense is spared in procuring the several ingredients in the original packages, escaping by this means the fraudulent adulterations of commerce. Under no circumstances are supplies of stock augmented from any other source, notwithstanding materials *could* be procured at a greatly reduced cost. Such ingredients, and only such, are used as will bear the closest scrutiny, and undergo the most thorough chemical analyzation in reference to unadulterated purity. The manufacture and sale of this great specific is not a mere matter of profit, but the proprietors are actuated as well by motives of the greatest good to the greatest number. They know that unequivocal virtue is attached to the remedy, and, knowing this, desire the race to experience the benefits of its use.

☞ Do not fail to procure DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. They are now to be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
[29] FLEMING BROS.

MRS. PARTINGTON INSULTED.—The White Mountains of New Hampshire are evidently a great institution—very high, heavy frosts, beautiful view, four dollar dinners. But the practical eye of a certain renowned Drake saw those smooth-faced rocks, and thereupon adorned and variegated the bridle path to the Tip-top House with his familiar S. T.—1860—X. PLANTATION BITTERS. This raised the ire of the Mrs. Partingtons composing the Legislature of the Granite State, who got their wise heads together, outlawed Dr. Drake, and made it a penal offence to ply the artistic brush on their beloved hills. Verily, the fine arts are at a discount in New Hampshire. Query.—Did Drake pay them for this splendid advertisement?

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

THE GREATEST PAIN-RELIEVER IN THE WORLD.—Warranted superior to any other, or no pay, for the cure of Chronic Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Sore Throat, Mumps, Burns, Cuts, Insect Stings, Pains in the Back, Chest, and Limbs, Sprains, Old Sores, Swellings; also, to take internally for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Spasms, Sea-Sickness, Vomiting, and Croup. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, if used according to the direction, and never fails, as thousands can attest. It was first introduced in 1847, and now millions of bottles are annually sold. Every one who has once used it continues to do so, and recommend it to their friends as the most valuable medicine extant. Certificates enough to fill a dozen newspapers have been received by DR. TOBIAS. His Medicine, THE VENETIAN LINIMENT, will do all that is stated, and more. No one will regret trying it. Those residing at a distance from a physician will find it a reliable medicine to have on hand in case of accidents. Ask for DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT, and take no other. Price 50 cents and $1. Sold by all druggists. Dépôt No. 56 Courtlandt Street, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—All kinds, sample and catalogue 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

For January, 1868, will be issued in December. It is intended to be THE National Magazine. Particulars hereafter. Send for G. P. PUTNAM & SON'S CIRCULAR AND LIST (free), and Suggestions for HOUSEHOLD LIBRARIES, 10 cents. G. P. PUTNAM & SON, Library Agents for purchasing books by the 1000 or single, 661 Broadway.

TORTURE.

Who would endure the torture arising from Chills and Fever, when it can be easily cured?

Who would endure sleepless nights, burning fevers, and icy chills alternately, when a remedy can be obtained for a trifle?

Who would wander like an uncertain shadow, never knowing what moment they may be prostrated?

Who would be a burden to himself, and a burden to his friends, who are worn out in administering to his wants?

Who would live this life of agony, when the great alternative and tonic,

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

can be obtained at the nearest village. This long established and justly renowned medicine has never been known to fail in a single case, and none but the foolish and weak would hesitate to procure it at once, and save themselves from intense, life-long torture. Prepared after a long experience and deep study, it has received the encomiums of the most eminent physicians, as well as all classes, from every part of the country. To those who doubt its many virtues, all we can say is, TRY IT, and judge for yourselves.

Every day letters pour in upon us, testifying to its great efficacy in curing Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Languor, Nausea and similar ills.

Superior Imitation Gold Watches.

Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color as long as worn. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Improved Horizontal Watches, Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes, 4-holes, jeweled, hunting cases, $10. Patent Levers, full jeweled, hunting cases, gentlemen's sizes, $15. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold watch costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6, according to weight. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery.
C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., N.Y.

10,000 Agents Wanted

To sell CHASE'S IMPROVED DOLLAR MICROSCOPE AND DESCRIPTIVE NATIONAL BANK-NOTE DETECTOR. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1 00. Address O. N. CHASE, 81 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or FOWLER & WELLS, New York City.

$10 A DAY made by any one with my PATENT STENCIL TOOLS. I prepay samples free. Beware of infringers. My circulars will explain. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vermont.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Engravings and Prints; also stationery goods and Silver Watches. $30 invested will realize $100. Address HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

SPECIAL TRADE SALE,

1867.

From Aug. 15 to Sept. 20.

Franklin Square,
New York, August, 1867.

We respectfully invite attention to our List of Books, which we will sell on the following terms, for Cash, from the 15th of August to the 20th of September, after which our terms will positively be as heretofore.

On Orders of	$ 100	at one time,	25	per cent.	Discount;
"	$ 500	"	30	"	"
"	$1000	"	33⅓	"	"
"	$2000	"	35	"	"

And an additional deduction of Five per cent for Cash.

We shall not sell at any of the Trade-Sales this Fall.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for SEPTEMBER contains Portraits and Characters of Hon. R. D. CONNOLLY, Rev. NEWMAN HALL, Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, Orators and Authors; Mrs. HUSBAND and Mrs. HOGE; Studies in Physiognomy; Marriages; Memory; Conscientiousness, its true Functions; Our Religion; Gradations of Intellect; Races of Man, their Origin; A new Steamer, Spirit of the Age; Central Park and the New Boulevard—illustrated. By return post, 30 cents, or $3 a year. S. R. WELLS, Editor, 389 Broadway, New York.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, the best Juvenile Magazine. Every boy and girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a glass cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two-bladed pearl Pocket Knife, and other desirable objects, given as a premium to each subscriber. Yearly, $1 50. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York. Try it, boys and girls. Single copies, 15c. mailed free.

MME. DEMOREST'S GRAND OPENING of PATTERNS, Sept. 2, of all the new and desirable styles for ladies' and children's dress for the Fall and Winter, 1867-8, at Nos. 473 and 838 Broadway, N. Y., No. 134 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, and all the other branches, on MONDAY, Sept. 2, will present at this Fall Opening the most brilliant display and extensive assortment of new shapes and designs for ladies' and children's dress ever exhibited.

1,000,000 persons. Clip! Club!! Clinch!!! $1 brings *safely, prepaid, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Hymn Book*, and my *Quart Premium Ink, &c. Prize Packages.* Dr. COOK, 600 Broadway. Clergymen and others *gratis* for 10 cash subscribers.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME.

Male and Female. For full particulars, address WHITE & CO., 641 Broadway, N. Y., with stamp.

THE NEW THUNDERBOLT RIFLE and SHOT-GUN. For Circular, send Stamp to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

TO LECTURE ASSOCIATIONS.—Mr. E. F. UNDERHILL, of New York, will accept invitations for the coming season for his popular Humorous Lecture and Entertainment, entitled "An Evening with Funny Folks." Information, with Programme, will be forwarded by addressing C. H. BOWEN, Agent, Box 965, Albany, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

EXPERIENCED BOOK AGENTS wanted for a new religious Cyclopædia, edited by Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. The most important religious publication in the language, forming a complete theological library within itself. To be completed in six volumes. Vol. I. now ready. Sold only by subscription.

AGENTS WANTED for "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion." Superbly Illustrated. Published in Parts. The most profusely and attractively illustrated work ever published.

AGENTS WANTED for a new illustrated and very popular work on Natural History, of fascinating interest and novel character: a work that appeals to every family. Address
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . . 10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.